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The BYSTANDER

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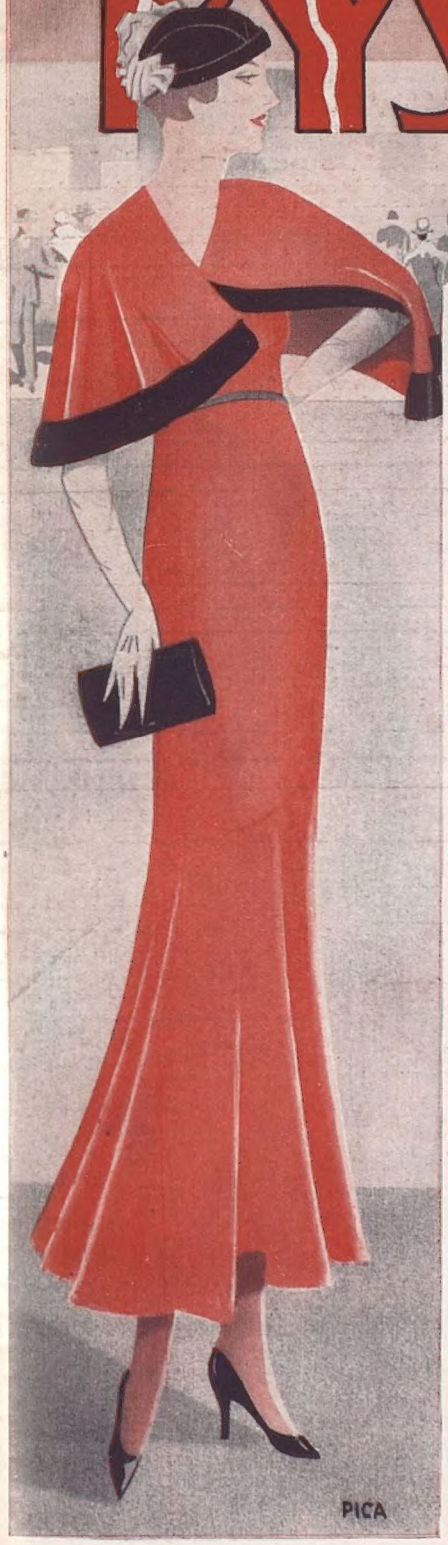

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The Bystander, May 18, 1932 No. 1483 Vol. CXIV

The BYSTANDER

Shaw Wildman

Lady Caroline Paget

A new camera-study of the eldest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters, who is one of the most attractive and popular of Society's young brigade. She is a niece of the Duke of Rutland, her mother being the eldest daughter of the eighth Duke

Jubilee Day at Kempton

And some well-knowns who were "among those present"

Left: Miss Margaret and Miss Audrey Livingstone-Learmonth watching the horses in the paddock at Kempton on Jubilee Day, the most popular event of the meeting

Above: Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald (left) and Miss Joan Pickering looking so cheerful that it is reasonable to assume they both backed "Venturer," the nicely priced 100-9 winner of the Jubilee

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby and Miss Monica Sherriffe seen studying the race-card with becoming seriousness

Above: Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux, who were among the many well-known people to put in an appearance at Kempton Park

Right: Mrs. J. A. Dewar—who was recently married to the well-known sportsman, who owns many fine racehorses, including "Cameronian," the former Derby winner—and Lady Chesham, seen by the paddock rails

On the rails at Kempton

The Passing Hour . .

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

THE First Courts, jeopardised for a moment by the murder of the French President, have come and gone, and the débutantes who were lucky enough to be summoned to them are already wearing the gowns in which they were presented. The others, poor dears, must wait another whole month before they can show them off. For, even in these hard times, nobody would dare wear her Court dress before going to Buckingham Palace.

ONCE again there was the long queue of cars in the Mall, and the crowds on the pavement. I do not believe that even a cloudburst would drive them away. Once again smiling débutantes posed for photographs on the running boards of their parents' cars. And once again the people who always like to be early for everything had to wait from 6 p.m. until 8.30 p.m., when the Palace gates were opened. Two years ago several people arrived there so early that they had to drive three times round the Park before they were allowed to queue up.

ON the first night of the Opera everybody connected with the Court wore black, and did not wear any jewellery, either. But they might have, apparently. Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise, together with their ladies-in-waiting, all wore jewellery. The Duchess of Portland was in black and white. Lady Rosebery was all-black. Lady Juliet Duff wore over her black dress one of those white Hawaiian garlands which are now as common as the sequin jackets used to be not so long ago, but which nowadays appear to be as dead as the Dodo. The ex-Queen of Portugal and the wife of the Italian Ambassador, were both in white.

As Others See Us

Miss Harriet Hoctor, who is dancing in "Bow Bells" at the Hippodrome, standing beside the bronze bust of herself recently completed by Jacob Epstein, who is also seen above. He is said to consider it one of his best efforts

A June Wedding

Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, the second daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe and of Lady Jellicoe, and her fiancé, Mr. Lionel Balfour, who is well-known in flying circles. They are to be married next month

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran

A new portrait of one of the famous Ruthven twins, and a daughter of Major-General Lord Ruthven and Lady Ruthven, whose husband, Mr. John Barran, is the elder son of Sir John Barran, Bt., and Lady Barran. Her twin sister was married to Mr. Peter Llewellyn Davies, the publisher, a little time ago

Punch's Club Hold a Dinner-Dance at the Carlton

Three of those who were present at the dinner-dance which was held at the Carlton last week. They are the Ranee of Pudakota, Mr. Eric Hatry, and Mr. Eddie Tatham

More of the diners. Seen above are Mrs. Stewart Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Gulbenkian, Mr. Hopwood, Lady Phyllis Allen, Lord Donegall, and Miss Anita Elson

CLOTHES have been very much a topic for the past ten days. Heated dressmakers have been putting off everybody except those going to the Courts. Chanel's collection in Grosvenor Square, has been a great social success. Even Prince George, accompanied by Prince Dmitri, paid it a visit. Princess Dmitri, whose father is connected with Chanel, was acting as a mannequin, and looked very lovely. The other mannequins included the Venus in *Helen*, Mrs. Ronald Balfour, the Comtesse de la Falaise, and one of our more notable sub-débutantes, who looked more sophisticated than all the rest of them put together.

MADAME SCHIAPARELLI has also been in London—but on a holiday combined with a search for a suitable school for her eleven-year-old daughter. So fascinated was she on her last visit by the scarlet tunics of the privates in the Guards, that she ordered yards of the material from the Army clothiers, and has had it made up into the latest fashions for women. That will give sailors a horse-laugh, you may be sure.

I MET her at the Embassy where, on Wednesday night, Mrs. Richard McCreery, whose daughter was presented, gave a large party after the Court. They have a new and excellent orchestra there which will probably lure all last year's débutantes back from their faithless visits to the Club's great rival in Coventry Street.

IT is one of the inescapable facts of the restaurant world that while most of the clubs and restaurants have their special night, when they are crowded to the roof, Quaglino's and the Savoy are always full. At the Savoy the other night the Duke of Marlborough had the experience of being asked by a Canadian whether he was Lionel Barrymore.

AT Quaglino's Kaye Don had a farewell party before departing to break more records with Miss England III. At this restaurant I also met Mr. Mansfield Markham, who attracted attention in the film world a year ago by backing Rex Ingram on his first talking-picture. Originally scheduled to cost £50,000, more than £97,000 was spent before it was completed. Mr. Markham has now invested money in a press-agency.

Recently Engaged

Mr. Frederick F. C. Hennessy, younger son of Sir George Hennessy, Bt., and of Lady Hennessy, with his fiancée, Miss M. J. Langsdon. The latter is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. Alfred Langsdon, and of Mrs. Washington Singer

HE tells me that the film, which is called *Baroud*—which, in Arabic, means "war"—will be seen in London in the course of the next six weeks. Rex Ingram plays the leading part, and the whole production is so lavish that it is said to surpass even *Sumurun* and *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* in splendid effects. I hope, for Mr. Markham's sake, that this is so.

BRIDES who marry secretly, and without any display of wedding presents, cannot expect their friends to be as generous in their gifts as they might be otherwise. Everyone likes a run for his money. So it is not surprising to see that none of the rather expensive presents which Miss Adele Astaire wrote down on her "wanted" list in the wedding-present book at Fortnum's was forthcoming in time for her sudden wedding.

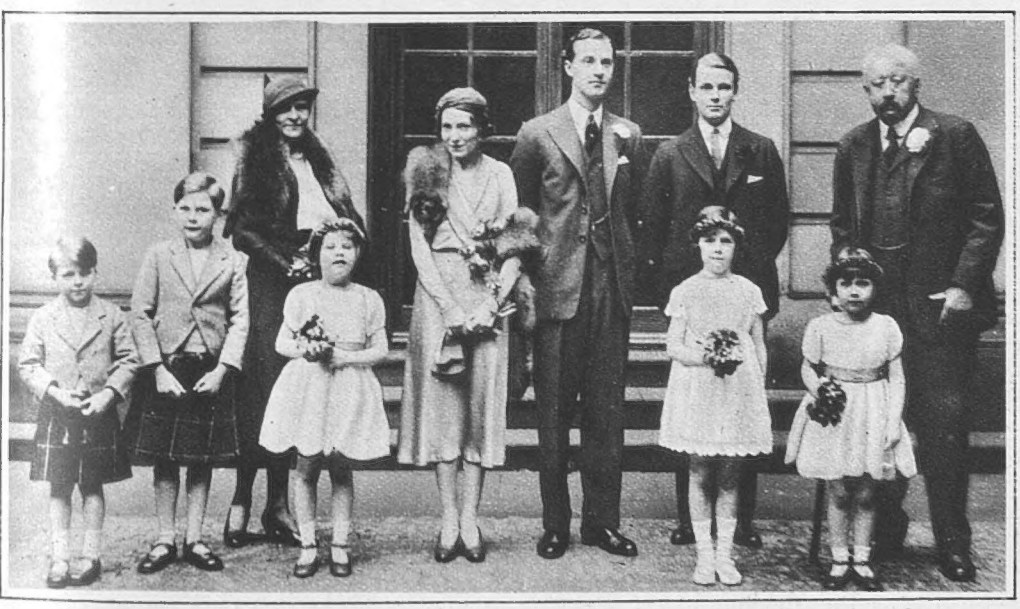
I GATHER, incidentally, that there is no electric light at Lismore—her future home in Ireland, which is altogether rather primitively furnished. This would at once have ruled out the "easy" present of lamps, which so many people like to give to their friends.

LET us hope that the new Lady Charles Cavendish had no trouble with her new passport. When Miss Rosalen Graves, the sister of the author of *Goodbye to All That*, was married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields last week, it was discovered that her passport had disappeared. Although it was late on Saturday afternoon, the Passport Office was persuaded to give her a new one quickly enough to enable her to fly to Paris the same evening.

PEOPLE seem to have gone in all directions this Whitsun. Le Touquet, where the Hôtel Anglais is opening, has attracted large numbers of people, including Sir Gerald Shuckburgh, whose family have lived in the same house at Shuckburgh for nine hundred years. The Gleneagles Hotel ought also to be amusing, if only because Tom Webster, the cartoonist, is up there with his wife, who was formerly Miss Mae Flynn, of the Ziegfeld Follies.

A Conversation Piece at the Carlton

Mrs. Edgar Wallace and Miss Pat Wallace seen with Mr. S. E. Linnet at the Punch's Club dinner-dance. It proved a very big success



The Cavendish-Astaire Wedding

A photograph taken after the wedding of Lord Charles Cavendish, the younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Miss Adele Astaire, the clever young American actress, in the private Chapel of Chatsworth House, Bakewell. The group comprises Mrs. Astaire, who gave away her daughter, the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Henry Hunloke, the best man, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth and Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss Judith Baillie, and Masters Peter and Michael Baillie

SEVERAL people with Moth aeroplanes have gone "bummeling" round Europe, like Lady Routledge, who has just returned from a ten days' tour which included Amsterdam, Berlin, Vienna, Munich, and other cities. Incidentally, she was rather lucky not to have been drowned as, while flying back, her machine developed serious engine trouble only a quarter of an hour from the Belgian coast.

Left: At the Punch's Club dinner-dance. Sir Russell Wilkinson, Physician to Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, and Miss Margery Binner photographed during dinner

NOBODY could have a better reason than Mrs. Jack Hylton for travelling abroad and enjoying herself. Her husband received £450 in Hungarian currency when he gave a concert in Budapesth recently, and as this money can only be spent in Hungary, Mrs. Hylton will have to go over and "blow" it there—unless she decides to use it for wall-paper. Her husband, by the way, has an office boy whose name is Stanley Baldwin.

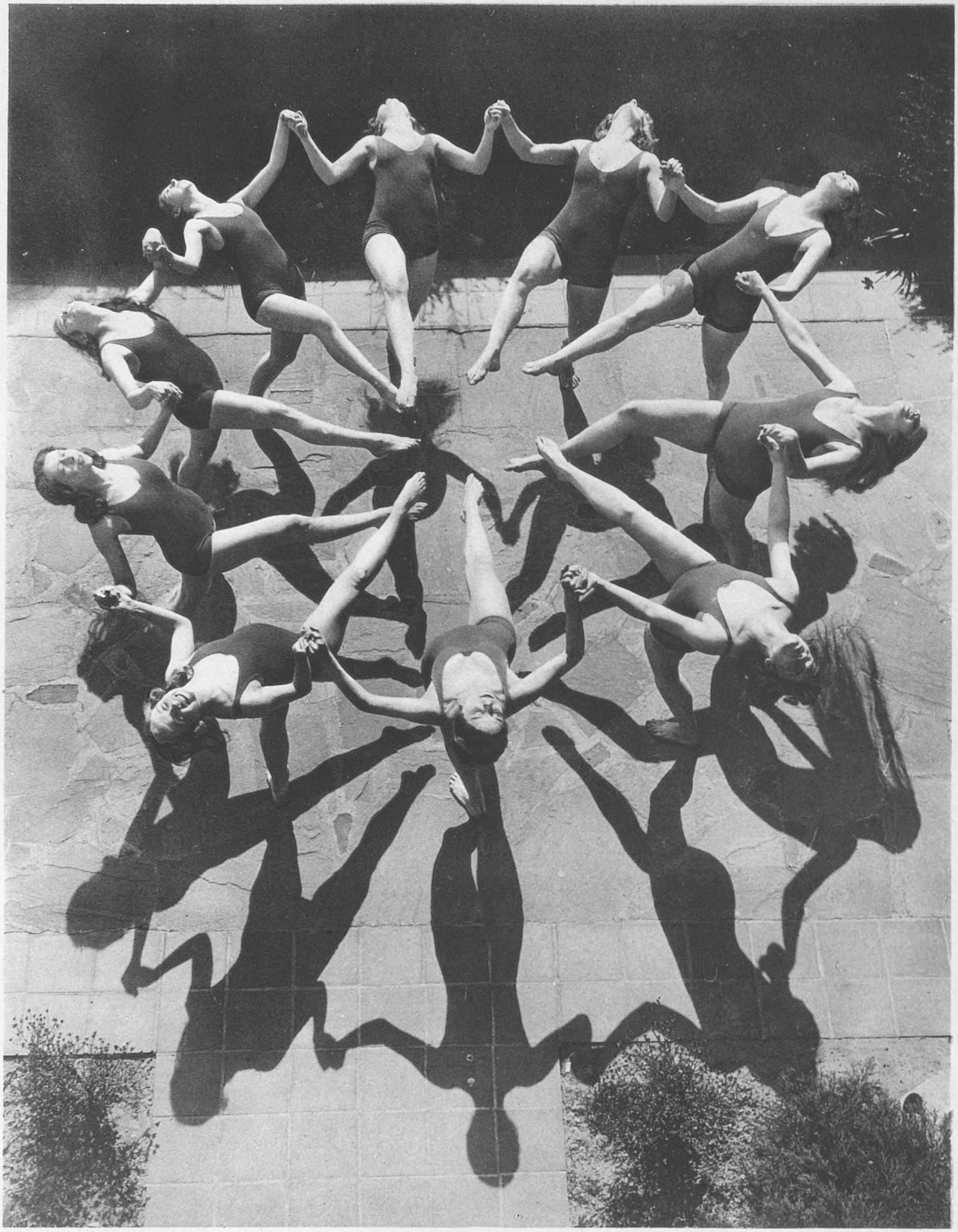
Facing the Photographer

Three of those who attended the dinner-dance at the Carlton. Seen above are Mrs. Philip Kindersley, the Earl of Warwick and Miss Margaret Whigham

ANY number of parties were given last week, including invitations from Lady Hodder Williams to meet Delysia, and to cocktail parties given by Mrs. Cecil Pim, Joan Barry, and others. There was the Waifs and Strays dinner-dance on Tuesday, and the first night of the Jack Pot on Wednesday, which was quite unaffected by the First Court.

AT Ciro's, Ferraro is once more in charge, having left the Malmaison, and Piccadilly Circus is now almost as bright as Broadway with its new floodlighting system. Even New York will not be able to produce anything to equal *The Showboat*, which makes its bow on Derby eve. This is the reconstructed pleasure ship which is going to bring gaiety to the Thames under the piloting of Clifford Whitley. Three times a day, including a supper-voyage at 11 p.m., it will take a cargo of guests from Westminster Bridge down past the Pool of London, with an orchestra, wine cellar, cabaret, dance floor, and kitchen complete. For its début, Nash's Club has booked the entire accommodation.

LORD and Lady Jersey will be back in London on Saturday. They have had a very long honeymoon tour. No doubt Lady Jersey will go to the Third Court, for she has not yet been presented. Even now, she is only eighteen and three months. I wonder how they enjoyed all the receptions to which they were invited. At any rate, Lord Jersey can now play bridge.



DANCING SHADOWS

Terpsichorean grace reflected in the shadows of the performers. A graceful camera-study of Ruth St. Denis dancers rehearsing in the spring sunshine in New York

Hors d'Oeuvres:

By "Caviare"

"WHO is the best-looking mother of a grown-up child in London?" someone asked. Lady Juliet Duff was, of course, mentioned; Lady Howe, Gladys Cooper—our snobby friends prefer to say Lady Pearson! Mrs. Dudley Ward, I think, got the most votes, but it was difficult to decide. Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnson, whose daughter is twenty-two, and married; and Mrs. Sweeny, whose two good-looking sons are the joy of the debs, were also in the running.

MISS MARGARET WHIGHAM'S new clothes are causing almost as much comment as her ex-engagement. She has forsaken her lace frills, billowing flounces, and tulle from the knees for plain, straight dresses, with no backs, and suspicions of shoulder-straps. She still, however, sports her long diamond earrings, and orchids from neck to hip, so the effect is not too puritanical.

LADY CHESHAM is a person who remains true to her own style, whatever the season or vogue. She wears black, and black and white, and again black. She never chooses any exaggerated style, and wears very little jewellery. Lady Blandford has had the same type of clothes for a long time now, and Lady Forres dresses to match her fascinating hair.

LADY BRIDGET PARSONS has mumps now, but Mrs. Rex Colclough has recovered, much to the delight of her many admirers. Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton is very ill, but, according to reports, no one knows what is wrong with her. Lady Stonehaven has just returned from Scotland after nursing her mother, who has had 'flu, at Ury; and Mrs. de Winton Wills is thankful that her small daughter has recovered from whooping-cough.

MR. EDDIE TATHAM'S cocktail party—champagne one, too!—was great fun. I have seldom seen more people I had often seen before. Mrs. "Babe" Barnato looked very attractive, and was, judging by her success; and "Babe" looked so happy and so proud of her. Mr. Randolph Churchill would have been all the better for a hair-cut. Mr. Tatham is an excellent host, and gets the right atmosphere; incidentally, he is a hard worker.

A MUCH "engaged-by-rumour" peer has a new whisper going round about him. She is very attractive, but I don't think it's true.

A VERY well-known Viscountess, and an extraordinarily pretty little lady with long eyelashes, are vieing for the use of a grey Rolls-Royce.

A DISTINGUISHED foreign visitor, who prefers to be nameless, says that he found three perfect diplomats in London—Peter, Manetta, and Quaglino. He was here two years ago, but Peter remembered his favourite table and his special soup; Manetta had his usual champagne on ice; and Quaglino invented a new dish and named it after him.

M. PROVATOROFF is very much in love with his pretty fiancée, Mrs. Trew, who was Waveney Carten. She is clever and witty, and has a happier expression than her sister Audrey, who always looks wistful. Mr. Dewar and Mrs. McNeill that was are another couple who are unashamedly delighted with each other. They have gone to Scotland for their honeymoon.

Sisters Caught by the Camera

Lady Ashley, who was well known on the stage as Sylvia Hawkes, and her sister, Mrs. Black (right), outside the former's flat in Park Street, which has been re-decorated in modern style. Her husband is the elder son of the Earl of Shaftesbury

A CERTAIN Peer will have to assert himself if he wishes to keep a bit-of-nonsense between his wife and a good-looking man from becoming serious.

LADY MOIRA COMBE is one of the least-heard-of beauties. She is perfectly lovely, but very quiet and domesticated; she is also a little difficult to talk to. Beauties come and go—what has happened to the Juno-esque Miss Mary Collins? At one time, the gossip columns were full of her, and Miss Marjorie Glasgow never seems to be about; she was so bright and amusing, and very pretty, if not strictly beautiful.

SIR "JOCK" JARDINE has had a nice bit of publicity over his beard; some of our less fortunate debs are wishing they could grow one. Photographs from all angles; interviews on the comfort or discomfort. Then cut it off: result, more paragraphs, photographs and interviews.

MRS. ARTHUR SAINSBURY has one of the most attractive diamond necklaces I've seen for ages. It is a double row of graduated diamonds with two plaques at the sides, and a large clasp. Lady Portarlington has a single-row necklace of enormous diamonds, but she only wears it round her wrist. Lady Baron and Mrs. Herman Lebus, always wear necklaces; but the general fashion for ornamentation for the neck has been killed by scarfs, capes, and wisps of chiffon.

LADY MYRTLE JELLICOE is busy trousseau-ing. She is so nice, and has a great sense of humour, like her mother. How few people really have that "price-above-rubies" gift! Lady Rachel Howard has it; and is also very amusing.

MY prize this week goes to Lord Knebworth, who is one of the most charming bachelors in England. At the same time, serious-minded and a worker. The so-called "Bright Set" don't see much of him.

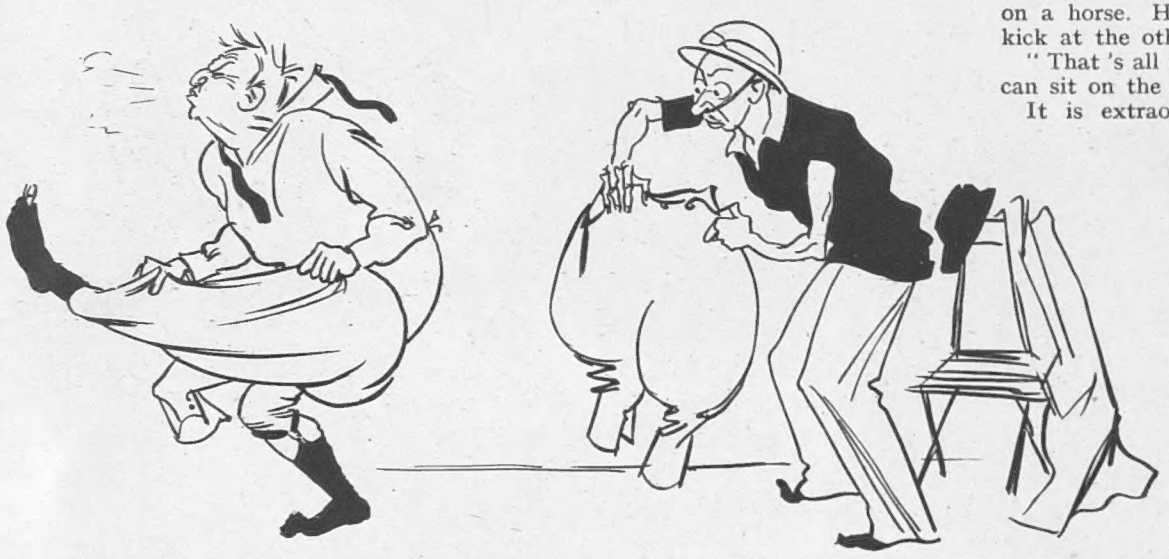
At the Gargoyle

Lady Flavia Giffard, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Halsbury, waiting for her luncheon hostess at the popular Gargoyle Club, where the walls resemble a cigar-box. The pictures are by Degas, with a Matisse or two as well

Collaborators at Large: Harris and Fairlie present

A Peep at the Perils of Polo

We find a horse off its "pecker"



We struggle into our polo clothes

POLO is a game which requires very great skill, very great courage, very great horsemanship, and a knowledge (intimate) of every word excluded from the Oxford Dictionary. I mean, I shouldn't play Polo.

It was brought to this country after the Indian Mutiny by the officers of the 10th Hussars, who rode their chargers, used hockey sticks and played with billiard balls. They found that their game had rather a chequered career paying for the broken windows. Now the authorities have wisely moved the windows away from the grounds.

Harris and I went down to watch a game. That is how it all started, and it is an extraordinary thing how innocently this sort of thing can start. I mean, Harris just happened to say that he wasn't doing anything in particular—which was grossly untrue, in view of what he was doing to his glass of ale—and would I like to go down and look at some Polo? I said that I could think of nothing that I would rather do than go down and look at some Polo: what I meant was, that if he wanted to, I didn't mind if I did. Harris said that he could already smell the horses and hear the thundering of hoofs, which statement I thought a pretty good advertisement for the brand of ale which he was patronising, and we waved to our car, which stopped for us. It was only a threepenny ride.

When we got there they wanted vouchers in order to allow us to go in. Harris gave me as a reference, on the spur of the moment, and I gave Harris as a reference, unthinkingly. They still said they wanted vouchers. Harris said that was a pity, he 'd have to use two of his own, and I didn't even have to fumble.

We walked down the drive and had a look at the stables. These took the form of stables out of occupation. I mean, all the ponies were out except one, which Harris said wasn't exactly fourteen hands and two inches. Harris often says that sort of thing when there is no one with local knowledge present. A stable boy approached, so Harris moved me on.

A man wearing the most beautiful clothes in the world waylaid us. His jumper (silk) was a beautiful scarlet reminiscent of the Arsenal; his riding breeches (?) were of a beautiful white reminiscent of a woman's soul; his boots were of a beautiful shiny leather fully patented. At least, that was the impression we got, that he was lovely . . . but not for long.

"Come along, you two," he said affably; "come and have a game."

"What at?" said Harris and I, in one equally affable voice.

"Polo," said the man.

Harris gasped. I gaped. The man looked surprised. Then he looked annoyed. Harris stopped gasping. I stopped gaping.

"Polo," said the man again. "We 're two short, and you can play on either side."

"No," I said, "that means getting on a horse. Horses bite at one end and kick at the other."

"That 's all right," said the man, "you can sit on the middle and be safe."

It is extraordinary what silly things strike one as logic. That struck me as logic. That struck Harris as logic. Nothing is less like logic. Horses' necks bend.

However, Harris said he didn't mind if he did. I said I supposed I didn't mind when I died, provided it was gallantly. The man said death from a horse was a great end. I said I didn't expect to live through the day, anyway, and I wasn't going out on any more parties. Harris said that was all right, but he was. The man said nothing of any importance, but took us to a changing-room, where there were more beautiful clothes. These we put on.

Harris was put on one side and I on the other. They said that was to level things up.

THEY hoisted Harris on to his pony and Harris said something which was intended to signify that he required to move. The pony merely looked round pathetically. It was at once obvious that Harris was not meant to ride a polo pony. The pony was sagging at the knees; Harris is too big for that sort of thing.

In the meantime I got on to my pony, and anchored myself with the steel things they had put on my boots. The pony leapt into the air. When we came down the pony leapt into the air again. I watched him from a recumbent position on the ground.

A groom put me on to the pony again and gave me a knocker, but not before he had removed my anchors.

After I got my wrist disentangled from the reins I swung the knocker.

I think the pony must have felt a sharp stinging pain a fraction of a second before I felt a sharp stinging pain. Mine was just by the left knee-cap, and the knocker seemed to be encircling all of us. I screamed.

The pony didn't bother. He just went off.

Unfortunately, I was still with him. I got a good piece of fur in both hands and wondered why life was so precious. The pony didn't seem to have anything like the same idea on the subject.

He went straight into a cavalry battle which was going on a few yards from us. In the excitement and the motion the knocker, which was permanently attached to my right wrist by a loop of leather, swung upwards abruptly and struck me firmly on the forehead.

Fairlie gets a bird's-eye view of his pony and ground

We were soon in the thick of the fight

I felt another sharp stinging pain. Then it cannoned on to the part of the pony which is near its tail.

The pony seemed to understand this as a signal. He leapt between two horses and a white ball with redoubled energy, came careering round in a sharp curve like a war-horse that scents the battle, and then saw Harris.

Now by this time Harris had grown tired of sitting on a pony which stood quite still off the field of play. He had descended from his pony and had joined the game on his two feet with an energy which was remarkable. The referee, however, interfered with Harris's enjoyment. He gave two penalties against him and ordered him off until such time as Harris found it possible to rejoin the game fully mounted. Disappointed, Harris was again hoisted by a squad of willing volunteers on to his pony, which by this time had moved just on to the field of play.

I don't know whether or not it was love at first sight, but my pony and Harris's went straight for each other. And what is more, they travelled very fast indeed.

When a foot away from each other both ponies swerved, without slackening pace in the least.

Harris and I did not.

When they picked us up we were both just coming to. Harris said a lot of things I know are untrue: you see, they were about myself.

But we had one idea in common. We walked off to catch another one of our cars.

The end of a perfect chukker

The Vogue of Variety

"KEN'S" impressions of some of the turns at the London Pavilion which, starting at 2 p.m., goes on till midnight

Billy and Elsa Newell, with red-hot songs and jokes which, in their united states, have come all the way from America

Naunton Wayne, nimble with the thimble

Left: Ann Penn, done in pen-and-ink, again gives an impersonation of Nellie Wallace

Right: Berinoff and Charlot, America's acrobatic dancing favourites

Felovis, who may be described as the World's Greatest Juggler—but only just

One of the "Charladies" piping notes so stern that they make the Sassenach wild

The New Plays: "The Love Pirate"

Oriel Ross

Who plays a leading part in "Casanova," the new spectacular show at the Coliseum. It opens to-morrow, May 19

THERE are two Love Pirates in this quaint entertainment by Paul Harvey Fox, which Leslie Henson and Firth Shephard describe as a "new farcical romance," but which appears to be our old friend the South American musical comedy minus the music. While Captain Romally plunders towns and carries off the local beauties to his cabin, the Señora Fernanda de Montorio steals her sister-in-law's suitors and takes her fun as she finds it. Which is anywhere between Barcelona and the Wardour Street end of Mexico. After some twenty minutes of dialogue, which is improved, if anything, by the noises off—guitars, glees, and goat-bells—it appears that Estaban, the lady's husband, and governor of the town, is about to (1) lay the notorious Romally by the heels, and (2) pack his sister, Lisa, off to a convent. Lisa, poor girl, has failed to click again—this time with a gentleman called Carlos, who is love-sick for the charmer (Fernanda, of course) who played the nymph to his Narcissus at some fancy-dress ball.

BUT Fernanda has no desire to continue these goings-on where they left off, being all of a twitter over the impending arrival, albeit in chains, of the notorious Romally. Lisa's heart is in an even more advanced state of palpitation for the same cause. She, on whom the veil is shortly to be thrust, has gazed upon the pirate from her casement with devastating results.

Had this been a musical comedy on the grand scale, the bronzed and beefy Captain, ear-rings, cutlass, open shirt and all, would have ridden into the courtyard on a white horse, surrounded by his cut-throats, while the flaxen-wigged Lisa tossed him a chrysanthemum from an upper window, cleared her throat, and attacked the high notes of "Only a rose—only my heart."

BUT that is by the way. The musical relief was to follow, as, indeed, it was bound to. If José Collins, who was re-donning the mantilla after a long absence from her favourite haciendas, boleros, and what-not, had been unprovided with a song, her admirers would have had every excuse for borrowing the off-stage artillery and blowing the box-office to Buenos Aires. Miss Collins sang two songs—"Smouldering Fires" and "Lover, Beware!"—and all was very well with those who clapped their hands sore and demanded more. Fortissimo or piano, the Maid of the Mountains was in her rightful element again, and that was enough.

The Second Act, in which the rivals fight a Box and Cox duel for the Pirate's attentions, is full of robustious slap-stick, with a touch of burlesque such as you would expect if Douglas Fairbanks wore the buccaneer's boots. There is fun to be got out of a repulsed ingénue being forcibly ejected through one door (by an Irish mate with a brogue and a buck-nigger with no tongue) and popping back through another in time to put an experienced rival off her stroke. Lisa is an odd mixture of prig, chatterbox and siren, against whose war of amorous attrition no love pirate could hold out for more than two acts. Angela Baddeley juggles very skilfully with the various elements of which both the play and this pertinacious young person are compounded.

By the end of Act 2 the audience was showing signs of convalescence. The quartermaster, writhing in agony, with his back to the audience and a bullet in his innards, had been pronounced to be sinking fast (cheers). Whereupon the mate had removed the brandy as waste of good liquor (loud laughter). Both man-hunters had been told little, and treated rough; and Henry Edwards, as fine, upstanding a buccaneer as ever slit a weasand or crushed a mesmerised maiden to a sunburnt chest, had fallen to earth with a Baddeley bullet in his right leg.

The Third Act—in which Lisa, having cheated the nuns by popping inside a treasure chest, is borne off in triumph to the Captain's cabin—almost declined to begin at all. Four unnamed part-singers (part singers and part cowboys) took up a strategic position in the folds of the curtain, and gave us a series of old English shanties which began in Portsmouth Sound (or thereabouts), and threatened to embrace Widdicombe Fair *via* Ilka Moor 'bout 'at. An admirable effort but hardly indigenous to the harbours and haciendas of Rio-Rita-land. Mexico is full of surprises.—TRINCULO.

"A Bonnie Hielan' Lassie"

Douglas Byng, as he appears at the Monseigneur whilst singing all about the fair Flora Macdonald. The song is not so much historically correct as hysterically incorrect!

P.S.—The news of "The Love Pirate's" sudden withdrawal comes too late to prevent this notice from being an obituary.—ED.]

Tennis Topics

"The Man-*in-the*-Chair" *says* :—

WE have reached the season of the year when lawn-tennis clubs with grass courts prepare to open them to members, who usually remark, in disgusted tones, that the turf doesn't look in such good condition this year as at previous openings. The groundsman says: "What can you expect with such a cold spring?"; and the members then sit down upon chairs recently painted, and realise the fact at a later stage of the proceedings. That is the age-long ritual never departed from.

BUT the opening of the grass-court season isn't the excitement it used to be, for the reason that most clubs possess hard courts, which allow members to play all the year round, and the thrill of once more hitting a ball over a net after a long lapse of time is wanting.

AND club play isn't what it used to be. There is not the same enthusiasm and not so much good tennis to be seen. In the old days the best players turned out for their clubs; rivalry was intense, and there was real keenness over matches.

THERE is a reason for this change, for lawn-tennis clubs have serious rivals in the number of open tournaments which are sanctioned by the Lawn Tennis Association. I don't see how the L.T.A. can limit the numbers, but I wish to goodness there weren't so many of them.

Happenings at Harrogate

Miss M. E. Rudd (left), who was beaten in the final of the Ladies' Singles by Miss F. Scott (right) at the recent hard courts Tournament at Harrogate

The Bright Young Brigade

Miss Nancy Lyle, daughter of Sir Leo Lyle, the well-known lawn-tennis player who, by winning the Ladies' Singles at Hurlingham, afforded yet another example of heredity in the game

IN May there are twenty-two tournaments. In June there are twenty. In July there are forty-one. August sees the total mount to fifty-four, while in September there are nineteen of mixed varieties. This makes a grand total of 156 tournaments in six months in Great Britain alone! Really, this form of competitive tennis is becoming farcical, and is doing the game incalculable harm.

IN the days when I was an active player, and did not so often say "'Vantage server" from the umpire's chair, I belonged to a club which boasted —rightly—of three Internationals and about six players capped for their county. It is true that, on occasions, these men played in tournaments, but they were nearly always available for matches, and, what is more, *practised* at the club.

WHAT was the result of this club keenness? The members who were rabbits and anxious to improve did not grudge the three best courts being used on a Saturday afternoon, when they could get an object-lesson for nothing in how the game should be played, and were proud to belong to a club which had won the championship of the county on six occasions.

AND, what is more, these rabbits could stroll down in an evening and see the "stars" practising, not only together, but making up fours with those less accomplished. This practice was good for all parties. It enabled the cracks to polish up strokes which needed polishing, and gave weaker brethren a chance of playing in first-class company and also improving their game out of all knowledge.

I KNEW an International in pre-war days who, in an open tournament, jeopardised his chances of winning the cup, which he held, because he insisted upon playing and beating in the handicaps a player who belonged to a club which was the hated rival of his own! Can you see that chance being taken nowadays? Oh, don't make me laugh!

BUT now the celebrated Mr. A. and Mr. B.—and the women are equally peripatetic—if they belong to a club at all, spend their time going from tournament to tournament, seeking whom they may devour in the earlier rounds (for the draw is "seeded" in every tournament), and meeting their Waterloo in the semi-finals, or, maybe, achieving a Wellingtonian victory. After which, they will go on to the next tournament and repeat the victory or defeat.

AND it is almost a matter of life and death to these players not to be beaten in those early rounds. For then, think how their "reputation" would suffer! Reputation be damned! The only way to keep the game healthy is to encourage club play by all possible means, and to the devil with the majority of these everlasting tournaments, which do the game far more harm than good. And that's that!

Biographies in Brief

No. 2.—H. ROPER BARRETT.

Non-playing captain of our Davis Cup team, and a bit of a player himself in his time. Held the same office last year, and a good choice too. Knows the game from A to Z, and backwards from Z to A in addition. Capable of giving the shrewdest advice to our young choices without making them all of a dither. In times past has won countless championships, and was one of the brainiest doubles players ever seen. Is a member of the L.T.A. Council, and on the Selection Committee. A solicitor by profession, he is Chairman of City Lands Committee, fond of music, and hates to be parted from his top-hat.

A Screen and Stage Favourite

Elizabeth Allan, the attractive young actress who is also making a big name for herself in the world of the film. She is at present, under the direction of Harry Lachman, filming in "Down Our Street," adapted for the screen from the stage-play of that name. Other films in which she has appeared with marked success in the past are "Michael and Mary," "Alibi," "Many Waters" and "Nine till Six"

Dorothy Wilding

ELIZABETH ALLAN

Evalyn Knapp

A popular Warner Brothers' player who has appeared successfully in "The Millionaire," "Side Show," and "High Pressure." She has been given an important part in "A Successful Calamity," which will be George Arliss's next picture for Warner Brothers

THE WORLD

ANOTHER feather in the cap of British films—*The Faithful Heart*, the New Gallery presentation of Gainsborough's screen version of Monckton Hoffe's delightful sentimental comedy. This picture proves once again the unique appeal of our own Edna Best and Herbert Marshall as a screen combination, and it proves still more that we can make films over here which in every way—from the point of view of photography, acting, and direction, can compete with the product of any country in the world. *The Faithful Heart* is not, perhaps, the ideal story for pictures; some may find the sentiment a trifle treacly. So perhaps the greatest tribute to the skill of Mr. Marshall and Miss Best is that they can present pathos without bathos, and thereby avoid the paths of super-sentiment. Above all, this story of the young ship's officer who has an idyllic affair with a Southampton barmaid and, years later, now a Colonel and a V.C., is about to contract a brilliant marriage, when a girl appears upon the scene and reveals herself to be his daughter by the barmaid, and of his ultimate renunciation of everything in order to take care of this child, is sure to make a big appeal to the women of any audience.

As a contrast to this sincere effort on the part of one of our major British producing concerns, I will quote you the notice accorded by one of the journals of the film trade to the efforts of an American company operating over here in the making of "Quota" films, in order to comply with the regulations that call upon them to show a certain proportion of home-made footage in order to enable them to show their own product over here. The film rejoices in the title *Illegal*, and its sponsors are Messrs. Warner Brothers. I forbear to tell you who played in the picture, but here is the criticism of the Trade journal in question. "Novelettish story of disillusioned woman who becomes night club queen to provide for children's education; fantastic medley of incredible events; characters are merely puppets; clumsily contrived situations; inadequate technical details; slow direction, stilted dialogue; song numbers hold up action; cast lacks personality; exceptionally crude production, only for the very uncritical." No wonder there has been a deputation to the House of Commons by reputable members of the British Film Industry demanding that something be done to prevent foreign companies from making this class of picture and labelling it British—and to force these companies to spend at least ten thousand pounds per picture on their "Quota" films.

So the *Film Weekly* readers, voting as to the best individual performance in a British film during the past year has resulted in the verdict going to the ex-motor-salesman-turned-actor, Harold Huth, for his masterly performance as Ragatzy, the charlatan doctor, in *The Outsider*. Though one doesn't know exactly how much these competitions mean, it is quite certain that they must be representative of quite a large section of public opinion, and it is interesting, therefore, to see how the honours go.

Our Own Film Stars

No. 3. MOLLY LAMONT

MOLLY is not, perhaps, a star yet. She hasn't quite had the break yet that would make her such. But she is obviously star material, for she has great beauty and keeps on working hard at her job so that one day she may become a great actress. A South African, she is under a long-term contract to British International Pictures, by whom she is being gradually "groomed for stardom." And, somehow, one feels that one of these days she will "arrive." What she needs is good rôles and capable, sympathetic direction.

Next Week—HAROLD HUTH

of the FILM:

"The Faithful Heart"—Dud Films—Young English Talent—A Versatile Gentleman

By Wilfred James

That Worried Look

Three stars in anything but cheerful mood in the new Paramount film, "The Miracle Man." On the left are seen Chester Morris and Sylvia Sidney, and on the right is Robert Coogan, one of the most promising child-actors on the screen

AND talking of motoring reminds me that another ex-pioneer in that line is busy reminding us of his existence in the West End at the present time. I refer to Miles Mander, whose characterisation of the rôle of Ambarriadi, the Greek, in *Lily Cristine*, is one of the few really bright spots in this rather dull production. In the days when Mander was an extremely rich young man about town he used to race one of the old chain-driven Mercédès (a monster of its day) at Brooklands and elsewhere. Besides this he was one of the pioneer balloonists of this country, a great traveller (he is an F.R.G.S.), was one of the first men to take out a civilian flying certificate (aeroplanes), and did a good many other things that were more or less out of the ordinary.

A VERSATILE gentleman, Mr. Mander. He came into the picture business when more or less far past the first bloom of youth—first as a renter, selling pictures to the theatres, then as an actor, and, later still, as a director (in which last-named capacity I have always thought he had more to offer than almost anybody at the game in this country). In the first picture which he directed, *The First Born*, adapted from a play of his own, he made two stars, Madeleine Carroll, who had done little or nothing up to then to show her real worth, and John Loder, who, brought over from Berlin by Mander to play in this picture, was promptly snapped up under a long Hollywood contract.

THAT the American film companies are still on the keen look-out for English talent is very clearly illustrated by an occurrence that happened lately (and, after all, they are the greatest searchers after talent in the world). There is a young actor playing in the West End of London, by name Robert Donat. In his present play, *Precious Bane*, he has scored a very great personal success—a very dangerous thing indeed to do in this country of ours.

Hollywood, which has its spies out in every capital of the globe, has heard of young Mr. Donat and, though he hadn't the slightest idea that he was causing such a stir in the film capital, they have apparently been discussing him, for suddenly, much to his surprise, he has received an invitation from the London representatives of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to go over and do one picture for them (at a very high salary) and, if they like him in this one, to stay there for a period of one, two, three, or four years. Mr. Donat has never done a film; and yet they don't require him even to do a test. They have read his notices and know from them that he can act. And that, apparently, is good enough for them Sic transeunt!

Norma Shearer

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, who ranks very high in the order of popularity with filmgoers both in this country and in America. She recently added to her laurels by her performance in "Strange Interlude." Has also appeared in Noel Coward's "Private Lives"

Above: Andrew Poole (Owen Nares) and his wife, Lavinia (Madeleine Carroll). Lavinia is saying to her husband: "I want you to realise me with your mind—dispassionately." To which Andrew tactfully makes reply, "Very well. I'll be dispassionate and safe." Inset: Owen Nares as a clean-shaven steward and Madeleine Carroll as a not-too-clean-living wife almost wrecked on a matrimonial sea of trouble

A "Pleasure Cruise"

On Land at the Apollo

A Chapter of Revelations

Right: Andrew Poole (Owen Nares), Judy Mills (Marda Vanne), a friend of the family, a sort of female "Charles, his friend," in a scene from the third act of this amusing comedy by Austen Allen, where the husband is keeping his wife in suspense regarding a somewhat startling episode on a boat by not revealing to her the fact that he was on board at the time and visited Lavinia when the cabin lights were very, very low

If Gossip We Must . . .

Winston in the Limelight—A Leader against Dora—The Paris Salon—The "Dubarry" Party—Film Jargon

Marianne Winkelstern

Who will be the prima ballerina in "Casanova," the spectacular new production at the Coliseum. New to London, she is a star of the Scala and the Opera House in Berlin

Elsie Randolph

The musical-comedy and film star, wearing black velvet pyjamas whilst taking a sun-bath on the balcony of her flat. She is starting on the film version of Douglas Furber's "That's a Good Girl," in which Jack Buchanan will play the male lead

Pearl Freeman

Phyllis Stanley

The seventeen-years-old dancer who is understudying Tilly Losch in "The Miracle," at the Lyceum. She so impressed Max Reinhardt, who directed the production, that he is taking her to Berlin after the run of "The Miracle" to star in his new production, "Orpheus," on which he will soon be busy

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is worth every penny of the large income he is reputed to earn by his pen. He assuredly earns at least a dozen times his salary of £400 a year as member for Epping for the sheer entertainment he provides for the House of Commons whenever he rises to make a speech. It is a dull place, the present House, and not only because large majorities usually make for dulness; yet there is too great a feeling of security for thrills.

But Winston, whom a crack on the head in that taxi-smash in New York has made, if anything, brighter than ever, affords a joyous relief, and of late he has been in his best form. His twitting of the Liberal ministers was his greatest performance for years. Touching gracefully on the French Loyalists, Henry of Navarre, Naaman, the Temple of Rimmon, the late Lord Morley, vestal virgins, and the four satellites of Jupiter, he "spoke a mouthful," as they say in America, when he declared that what the country wants is not compromise protection, but scientific protection, and a decent and dignified agreement about it. "Doctors sometimes differ," he added, "but they do not alarm the patient by brawling in public."

SOME few years ago there was a great rampage about the petty restrictions on individual liberty and the iniquities of "Dora," or her successor. As usual, nothing was done. The subject has died down again, and Englishmen in their patient millions continue to accept, as a matter of course, inconveniences which would send any foreign nation other than Russia boiling into rebellion in less than twenty-four hours.

Since no politician seems inclined to move in the matter—M.P.'s, for the most part, are too terrified of the supposed power of the unco' guid vote in their constituencies—the public must themselves move. The only effective way of doing this is by forming leagues, organised even more competently than those which are anti- everything that is not unpleasant. But a generalissimo of the forces of common sense must be found. What man more apt for the post than Winston? He has seen a bit of fighting, has a superb gift of just the right type of oratory for the purpose, and is himself no puritan. The man who will lead to victory a movement with such a weight of public opinion behind it will become the most popular man in the country. I wonder Mr. Lloyd George, who is looking for an opening of some sort to stage a spectacular

LINES BY A LOWBROW

A dramatic critic recently deplored the fact that most audiences appear to find more humour in the sight of a character sitting on a hat than they do in listening to the most polished epigrams

OH, I haven't much use, you must know,
For an epigram, quip, or bon mot,
And the brightest riposte
Is invariably lost
On me when I blow into a show.

Oscar Wilde, so I hear, used to write
In a manner quite breezy and bright,
But if Ernest had sat
On his topper, why, that
Would have proved the success of the night!

Though the highbrows may rave about Shaw,
I confess I find Bernard a bore,
But if only St. Joan
Would trip over a stone
Every time she came on, how we'd roar!

Though the critics may say that I'm but
A lewd, low-browed, and half-witted mutt,
And a bloke who should sit
In the (bottomless) Pit,
I rejoin with great dignity, "Tut!"

For I know what I like—and that's that!
And I do *like to see someone fat*
And most pompous as well
Make us vulgar guys yell
By sitting down hard on his hat!

B. W.

Third-Party Risks

Adrienne Doré (right) finds to her sorrow that eavesdropping can sometimes be anything but undiluted pleasure, in a scene from the new First National talkie, "The Rich Are Always With Us." The other two players seen above are George Brent and Ruth Chatterton

come-back, has not seized this opportunity. But the Wizard of Churt, though himself no bigot, comes of Dora-like stock and environment. He is not quite the man for the job.

MEANWHILE, A. P. Herbert, back, refreshed and tanned, from a holiday in Egypt, is busy organising definite moves towards the abolition of these restrictions. His amusing pen has been at the disposal of the cause for years. If "A.P.H." can rope in Winston, things will really start to move, though probably not in time to prevent the absurd spectacle, for instance, of English seaside towns during the coming summer holidays being forced to send their visitors to bed at 10 p.m.

STRANGELY enough, there is no law to prevent the motorist, or any traveller, taking his own alcoholic refreshment to the numerous way-side cafés which the arterial roads are causing to spring up. These places can at present sell only food and "soft" drinks. So the public flock to them with flasks and bottles, and—think of the horror of it!—consume a meal which they wash down with something stronger than tea or ginger-pop.

I find that this sensible arrangement has not escaped the eye of the busybodies who are never happy unless they are preventing other people from doing what they have no wish to do themselves. They are therefore clamouring that it should be made illegal to take drink into establishments which are not allowed to sell it. And unless an effort is made quickly, it is quite likely that they will get their own way.

Esther Ralston

The popular American film star, who will start a two weeks' engagement at the Palladium on Monday next, May 23. She has never before appeared on the English stage

THE Paris Salon this year is not, I venture to think, in any way so good a show as our own Royal Academy, though I found the smell of cooking, if more pungent than that at Burlington House, of a more appetising type. The French may not be able to paint better than we can, but I prefer their cooking to ours.

A Dancer—and a Sitter

Harriet Hoctor, the former Ziegfeld Folly, whose dancing is so successful a feature of "Bow Bells" at the London Hippodrome, seen leaving her flat in Brook Street. She is at present sitting to both Epstein and to Olive Snell

Burlington House, by the way, has very few theatrical portraits this year. But Maurice Codner's portrait of Seymour Hicks has turned up there, and, what is more, it has been hung on the line. In order that there shall be no mistake as to its identity, the legend it bears is: Semore Icks, Acteur Anglais. Chevalier de Légion d'Honneur, dans la pièce de Picard et Mirande "L'Homme en Habit."

THE "DUBARRY" party at the Carlton restaurant proved that it was possible to begin the evening as Louis XV. and to wind up

as Louis Roederer. It was a mighty good party. Most theatrical enterprises indulge in these jamborees to celebrate the 100th or 500th performance; in this case it was the launch of a new show which was the very welcome excuse; but there was the general feeling that subsequent celebrations will only be a matter of time, for this picturesque operetta has dug in its heels and looks like having a lengthy run.

The red-headed Anny Ahlers sang, and the blonde-headed Mimi Crawford danced, and all sorts of different-coloured heads ate, drank and were merry until the small hours became quite large ones. And larger than any hour was Aubrey Hammond, who loomed at a table at which Anny Ahlers and Edith Day were introduced with stately ceremony as rival queens of musical entertainment. "Kim" Manchester, with his new Duchess, was in converse with "Babe" Barnato and his new bride; and the Beaton sisters looked very pretty and pink-and-white and English.

"Bearded Like the Pard"

Cedric Hardwicke in his remarkable make-up as "Captain Shotover" in the revival of Bernard Shaw's play, "Heartbreak House," at the Queen's Theatre. Although still in the thirties, he has made such a success in "old men" parts that he seems doomed to play seigneurs—but not necessarily grave and reverend ones—for all time

The film trade has rather more culture and gumption about it than formerly. Indeed, it stands in danger of swinging, in some quarters, to the extreme of high-browism, either inventing words for itself, like "motage," or pinching them from the loftier musical criticism, like "atonality," which means about as much—or as little. But the good old jargon of the cinema press-agent, and the cinema advertisement-writer stands where it did. I find it not unlovable, for it is all so gloriously silly. One reads of a young film actress, for instance, being "groomed for stardom" (unlike eligible bachelors, who may be said to be starred for groom-dom). Another is declared to be capable of "emoting sexily," which may mean anything, though I prefer to think that it means nothing. An apparently humorous film is advertised as "a mighty majesty of wise-cracking." Directed, I suppose, by King Vidor.

A Clearance Sail

M. Elie Decazes taking a jump in fine style at the Hunter Trials held on his father's estate at Villemarie. He won the Heavyweight Class

Many were the fashionables who turned up at the Savoy to watch Alanova dance, and the "darlings" and "adorables" were sibilantly exchanged in the corridors during the interval. Alanova is quite a nice dancer (though not more than that), who used to be in a Cochran revue. But she is very much "dans le mouvement," for which I do not in the least blame her. Her technique at present is somewhat limited. She has, however, any amount of personality and self-confidence, and she is a handsome creature.

The performance I saw was marred a little by the fact that she was not always completely in agreement with her orchestra, and that the curtain descended prematurely at an awkward moment. She is streets ahead of sundry much-boosted American dancers who descend on us for periodical matinées. For she is "quite English, you know," and I really cannot see why she should call herself Alanova—unless it is because much of her performance seems to be Maud Allan over again.

In the Gironde

A photograph taken at the reception given by M. Marcel Gounouilhon, the Mayor of Arcachon, after the Hunter Trials held on the estate of the Duc Decazes at Villemarie. Seen above are M. Gounouilhon, Mr. Frederick Hennessy, the younger son of Sir George and Lady Hennessy, and Miss Langsdon enjoying a spell of sunshine

Next week's issue of The Bystander (which will be on sale on Wednesday, May 25), is to be a Special Flying Number. Every day, in every way, flying gets better and better known and liked, and next week's number will carry on the good work of popularising flying, with special pictures and articles by many well-known people, including Sir Alan Cobham.

A sketch in oils of Lady Lavery made by Sir John Lavery, R.A., for his picture, "Their Majesties' Court, Buckingham Palace, 1931," exhibited in this year's Royal Academy. Further sketches by this famous artist, and details concerning their exhibition and sale in aid of charity, will be found on page 343

My Weekly Thought

A Problem for the Economists

By Norman Thwaites

WHILE the economists are solemnly explaining to us, each in his own way and each in conflict with the opinions of other experts, the reasons for the present world depression, a simple layman has drawn attention to the fact that considerably more than half the human race have, in the course of the past ten or twenty years, lost most of their purchasing power.

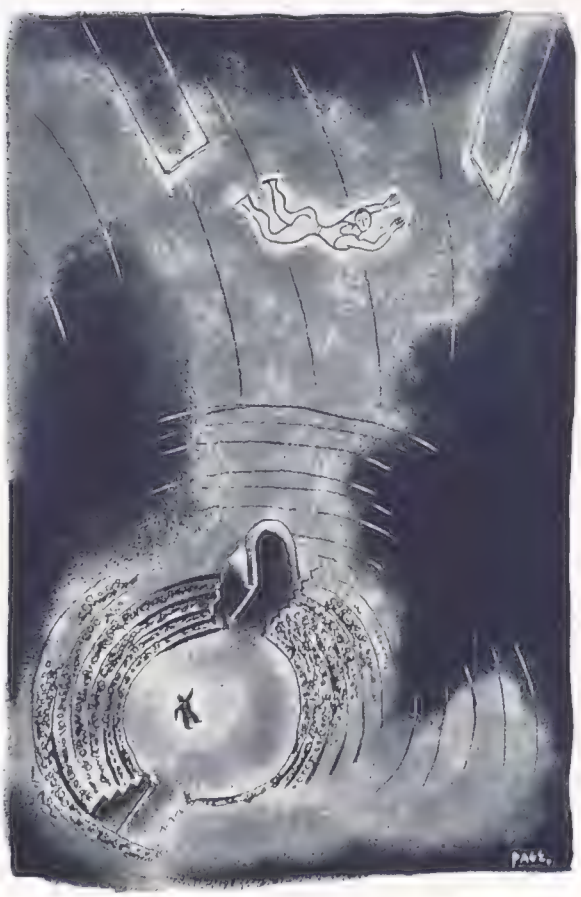
The population of the world is in the neighbourhood of 1,800,000,000. China, with her 420,000,000, is out of business so far as absorbing her share of commodities is concerned. India, with a population of 320,000,000, is boycotting foreign goods, and Soviet Russia, numbering with her satellite Republics something like 220,000,000, stands, hat in hand, at the doors of capitalist countries, begging for loans and credits.

We have the spectacle, therefore, of some 960,000,000 people either out of the market, or purchasing very little from Western manufacturing countries, leaving only 840,000,000 to consume an output of commodities which has been steadily increasing.

To say that civilisation is suffering from the consequence of its technical ingenuity and that production has outpaced consumption is only part of the tale. We have *not* produced more goods than the world can consume. We have an embarrassing glut in the Western world and hideous want in the East. It is, then, a question of collection and distribution which can only be rectified by increasing the purchasing power of those in want. Solve that problem and we have a solution for world depression.

It is estimated that the earth can maintain a population of 6,000,000,000 souls; more than thrice the present number. The late Hugo Stinnes had a plan for the development and exploitation of world resources which would obviate, he believed, the periodical slumps and commercial crises. On the last occasion I saw him he suggested that if the countries of the world agreed to pay a small tax on every mineral taken from Mother Earth, the world's banker, and made a vast international pool of these funds, we should have at the disposal of selected international trustees financial resources for the development of trade and the prevention of glut in one part of the globe and of scarcity in another. In other words, Mother Earth should be regarded as Humanity's bank. Every time we draw a cheque upon her, we ought to pay a stamp tax. A sum of many hundred millions yearly would be the result wherewith to stabilise commercial and financial conditions the world over.

THIS was a scheme, obviously, of great imagination, which, in an ideal world, might have been carried into execution, and I can visualise Mr. H. G. Wells, in one of his prophetic novels, making much of the idea; but in the workaday world in which we live at present, the objections and difficulties to it are so insuperable that this vision of the late Hugo Stinnes must necessarily remain a dream which could never be translated into reality. For one thing, to collect the tax would be almost an impossibility, and, if it were possible, I cannot see all Governments—Russia, for instance—handing the proceeds over to trustees!



By ANTHONY PAGE

"Come down! You're fired!"

THE world cannot afford to allow half the citizens of the globe to live in idleness or in unproductive turmoil, due, in large measure, to the fantastic assumption that European practices can be grafted on to primitive peoples without consideration of local problems. Democracy has not been such a brilliant success in Europe that we should commit the folly of imposing it upon India or any other aggregation of diversified peoples.

Since 1911, when the Manchu dynasty disappeared, China has been over-run by War Lords and bandit chieftains, who pass from one prosperous area to another on looting expeditions, just as the warlike races in India (until the coming of the British Raj) were accustomed to raid and rob the less warlike and more opulent Hindu.

It is the successful suppression of this kind of thing that the misguided elements at home and in India call oppression. Unhappily, justice and law and order in India are being hampered by the very class who would be the first to have their throats slit if and when the protective British soldiery are withdrawn.

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call
their masters fools!

Mannell

THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN

The only sister of Viscount Falmouth, she has made a reputation for herself on the stage, where she appears under the name of Pamela Carme. She made her first appearance on the professional stage in "Grounds for Divorce" at the St. James's Theatre, in 1925, since when she has played in many West End productions

DUNLOP REINFORCED

"Mollison Night" at the Gargoyle Club

Personalities at the Party in honour of Mr. J. A. Mollison

Above: Lady Diana Wellesley, Mr. Dickson, and Lady Patricia Moore

Right: Lady Hindlip snapped smiling at the supper-table at the Gargoyle Club

Above: Lady Phyllis Allen and Mr. John Hopwood enjoying a supper-time joke

Above are seen the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, Lady Drogheda, and Mrs. Woolfe Barnato at the recent party at the Gargoyle Club in honour of Mr. Mollison

Above: Lady Bowden seen with Mr. Mollison, the famous airman, the guest of honour during the evening

Right: Mr. George Duller, Mrs. George Duller, Mr. Lee Guinness, and Lady Drogheda, who were among the many well-known people who were present at the Gargoyle to do honour to Mr. Mollison. The guest of the evening made a short speech, in which he mentioned that he is making plans to attack another flying record

Last Year's Collection:

Yevonde

Miss Jeanne Stourton

Lenare

Miss Pamela Nicholls

Miss Pamela Nicholls is very gay, and is generally laughing. She likes unusual clothes, especially evening dresses with trains

Elwin Neame

The Hon. Sheila Berry

Lenare

Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine

Ex-Débutantes

Still growing in beauty side by side

Paul Tanqueray

Left : Lady Bridgett Poulett

Lady Bridgett Poulett is Miss Margaret Whigham's rival for first beauty prize for ex-debs. She has a perfect figure, and also a penchant for her pocket mirror

Lenare

Miss Kathleen Horlick

Miss Kathleen Horlick has the most striking personality of all last year's collection of debs. She is a rather exotic, but very fascinating, brunette

Bassano

Miss Averil Streatfeild

Miss Averil Streatfeild has become famous for her fair loveliness. So far, she is quite unspoiled

Miss Jeanne Stourton is attractive and smart in the Margaret Whigham manner. She is most sophisticated and appealing

The Hon. Sheila Berry is very witty and bright, and was much the most amusing débutante of her year

Lady Mary St. Clair-Erskine is of a very English type. She already has a reputation for being witty, which is sometimes difficult to live up to

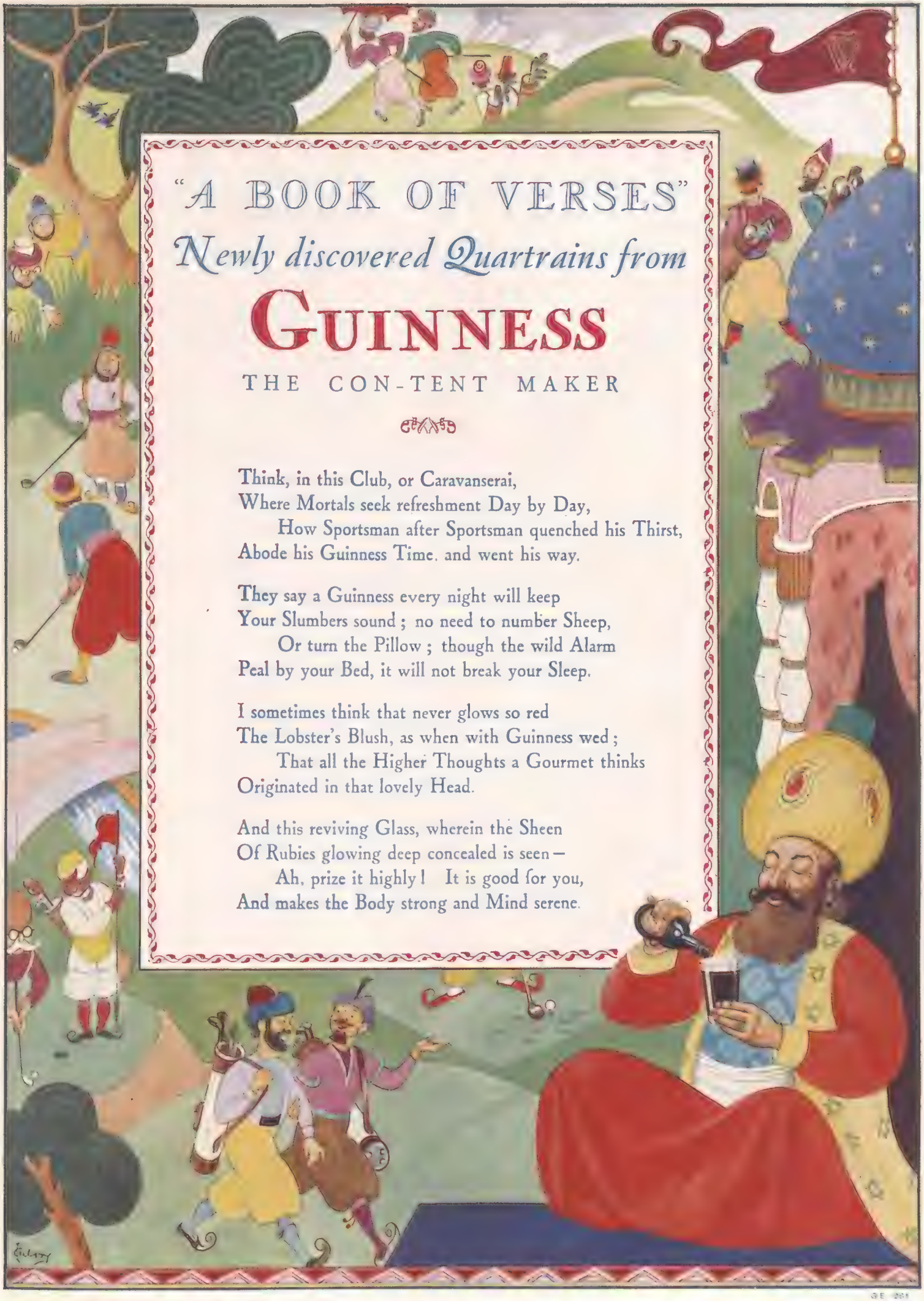
Miss Rose Bingham has caused much controversy. She is definitely pretty, but is difficult to please

Peter North

Miss Rose Bingham

BEAUTY IN THE BOWL

A new camera study of Tallulah Bankhead, who is busy filming at Hollywood. Her next appearance on the screen over here will be in the Paramount picture "The Cheat," to be released in August, which will be followed by "Thunder Below." It is rumoured that she may take the place of Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus"



"A BOOK OF VERSES"

Newly discovered Quartrains from

GUINNESS

THE CON-TENT MAKER

Think, in this Club, or Caravanserai,
Where Mortals seek refreshment Day by Day,
How Sportsman after Sportsman quenched his Thirst,
Abode his Guinness Time, and went his way.

They say a Guinness every night will keep
Your Slumbers sound; no need to number Sheep,
Or turn the Pillow; though the wild Alarm
Peal by your Bed, it will not break your Sleep.

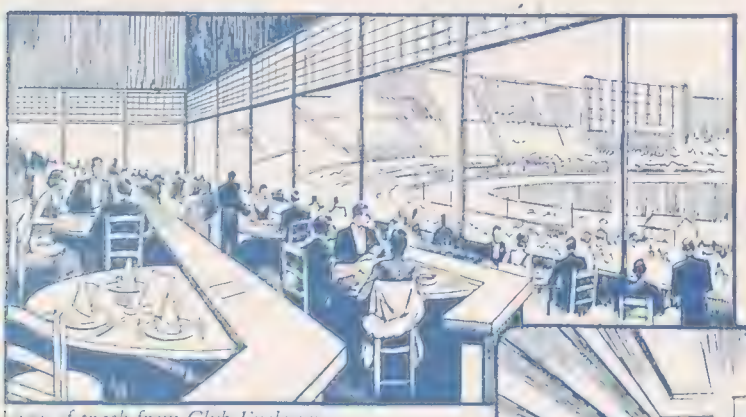
I sometimes think that never glows so red
The Lobster's Blush, as when with Guinness wed;
That all the Higher Thoughts a Gourmet thinks
Originated in that lovely Head.

And this reviving Glass, wherein the Sheen
Of Rubies glowing deep concealed is seen—
Ah, prize it highly! It is good for you,
And makes the Body strong and Mind serene.

Greyhound Racing at its Best!

ANY evening spent at the White City is wholly enjoyable—there is a pleasant surprise in store for all who have not already paid a visit—it is Greyhound Racing at its best. The Club enclosure is being considerably enlarged and improved. Here you can meet your friends—it is London's new Rendezvous—dine well, in perfect comfort and at the same time watch the racing with an unobstructed view of the finest track in the world. If desired, you can then visit the ballroom and dance on a perfect floor to a West End orchestra—come and enjoy a fine evening spent in the best possible setting . . . Write to the Secretary, Greyhound Racing Club, White City, for particulars of Club Membership.

All London is coming to see the Greyhound Derby this year. First heats, June 7th. Final, June 25th.



View of track from Club Enclosure

The Buffet and new Dining Galleries

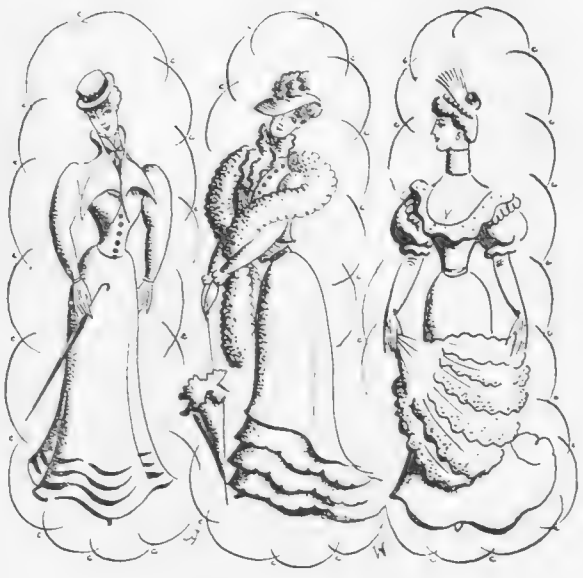
WHITE CITY

The new Ballroom and Members' Lounge

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

LADY PAMELA SMITH is one of the several young Society girls who are acting as mannequins for Mademoiselle Chanel while she is showing in London her special collection made entirely from English fabrics. The formal and semi-formal evening gowns of cotton printed materials and piqué are an outstanding feature of the collection and in the accompanying sketch by Drian Lady Pamela is seen in a race gown of white piqué trimmed with a garland of flowers made from the same material



MORNING,

A NOVEL material which resembles shark-skin makes the attractive white coat of the Peggy Morris model seen above. It is accompanied by a white crochet blouse and a black skirt. The black straw hat comes from Edelle

ON the opposite page is an afternoon ensemble designed by Peggy Morris in beige wool romain and patterned chiffon. The high-waisted dress has no belt but the short cape has long ends which tie around the waist. The brown straw hat comes from Edelle

THE pale-blue satin evening dress for a young girl shown on the opposite page, is a Peggy Morris model from the Maison Ross. It has a garland of Royal Worcester flowers around the neckline and a twisted sash which ties in a bow behind

THE PRINCESSE ALPHONSE DE CHIMAY has chosen for morning wear a coat and skirt, from Echo de Paris, of rough surfaced black wool fastened with large metal buttons. With this she wears a blouse of gathered lawn which ties in a bow in front

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

So ubiquitous are the short jackets, so many their colours, so varied their cut that it is an axiom rather than a supposition that every woman has at least one such garment in her wardrobe. They have every quality to recommend them, they are gay, chic, and extremely practical, and their cut can be brief or not so brief, according to the figure of the wearer. The short, just-to-the-waist type is only suitable for the very young and very slim, though when they are made in a bright colour and form a contrast to a dark skirt, nothing is prettier or more youthful. For a more sober and more universally becoming style it would be hard to find anything better than the fitted coat which buttons at the waist and stops short on the hips. The ever-popular combination of black and white is an excellent medium for this type of costume, particularly when the coat, as in that shown on the opposite page, is made of such a novel material as peau d'ange stamped to resemble shark-skin. This material looks rough-surfaced but is smooth to the touch and most attractive. An all-black costume is equally smart and even more practical, and the Princesse de Chimay's coat and skirt of rough black wool is cut on unusual asymmetrical lines. The epaulettes are fastened with metal buttons, so is the one-sided collar which ends in a single wide rever. The coat fastens diagonally in order to carry out the same line and the accompanying lawn blouse is a charming conceit. This is finely hand-gathered, rather like a baby's christening-robe, and ties in front with a becoming bow. The most attractive feature of this costume, a wide sash or cummerbund of scarlet silk boned in front in order to give a high-waisted effect, does not show in the photograph.

A more definitely high-waisted line is achieved by the afternoon dress shown above, where the skirt continues into a point in front and the actual waist is completely ignored. This is a line which has been seen in several evening gowns but has not until recently been used by models designed for day wear. Here it is carried out in beige wool romain and brown and white chiffon, of which the reversible cape is also made. The long ends of the cape cross in front and tie behind.

The double cross-over of twisted material, which has proved such a popular success, is exploited very charmingly in the débutante's dress of pale-blue satin shown in the photograph above. This is trimmed with a garland of Royal Worcester china flowers in natural colours. These garlands, whether of china, piqué or composition are extremely popular this season and often replace jewellery. Worn with dresses of plain chiffon or organdie they look most attractive, particularly on the very young. Less and less artificial jewellery is being worn, and when it is seen it is with sports or afternoon costumes and is made of chromium or a white composition rather than of glass. In the evening, apart from real jewellery of the utmost formality, very little is worn at all.

Yevonde

MRS. ROBIN D'ERLANGER has chosen for informal evening wear this charming gown and wrap of blue and white spot foulard from Victoire. The interest of the skirt is concentrated in a deep frill joined to the skirt just below the knees by gathered whorls of the material. The short wrap is sleeveless. The utilisation for evening wear of a material usually associated with day-time costumes is typical of this season, when even gingham is sometimes given pride of place on formal occasions.

A Gown of Blue and White Spotted Foulard

Bystander Backgrounds No. 3

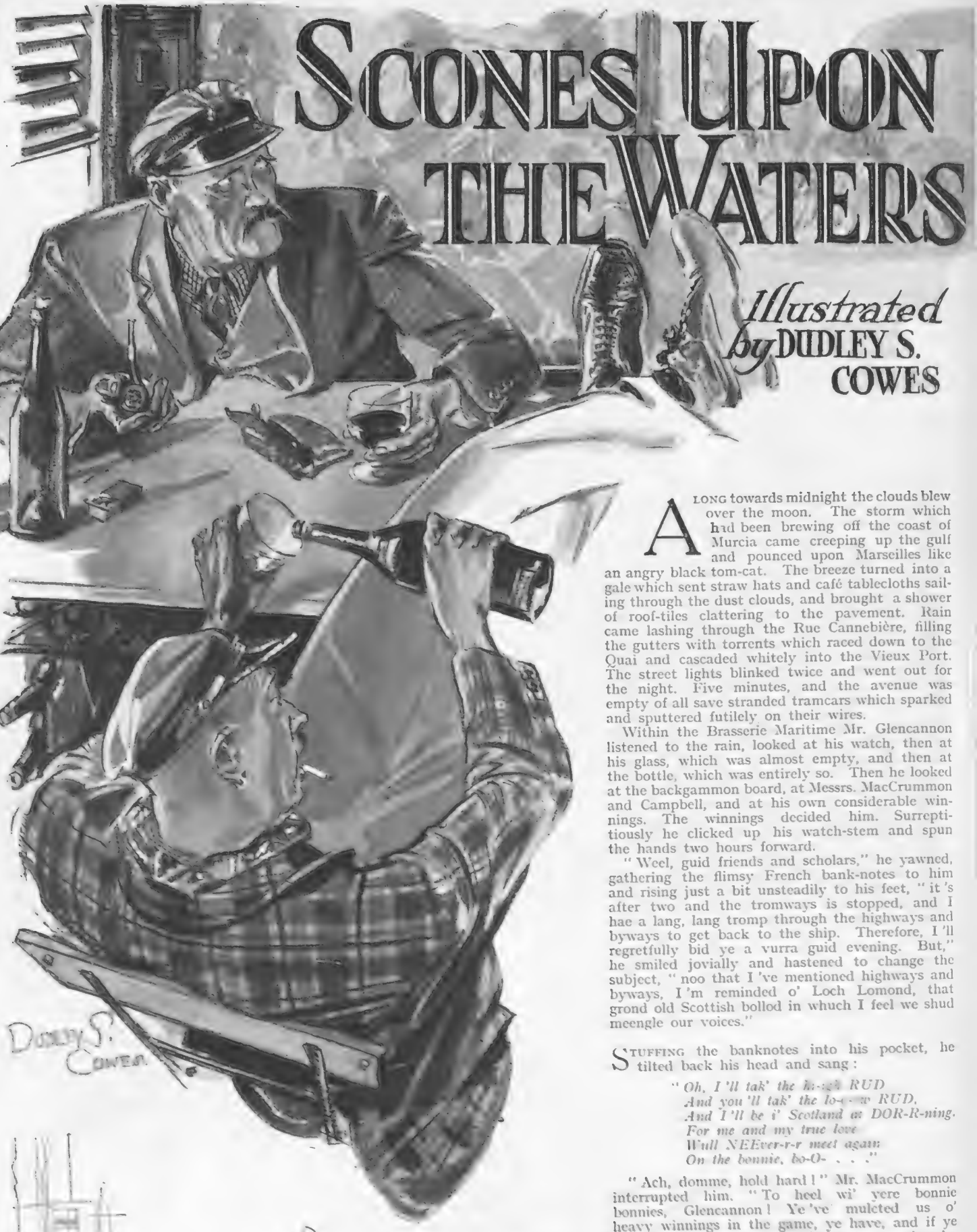
The Boudoir of The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitz-Gerald at Lees House, Lees Place, North Audley Street

MRS. EVELYN FITZ-GERALD is the wife of the youngest son of the late Lord Fitz-Gerald of Kilmarnock, Lord of Appeal, and is a sister-in-law of Lord Beaverbrook. If proof were ever needed of the chic of extreme simplicity, here it is. This charming hostess, who is noted for her extremely successful music parties in Venice and in London, has achieved a room that is modern, quiet and "lived-in." The doors are set in flush with the panelled walls, and the curtains and simple pelmets are made in a material flecked with gold, which emphasises the same shade in the graining of the panelling. The chairs and sofa are covered in tweed, and a business-like writing-desk proves that comfort as well as mere decoration has been considered by the owner

Mrs. Evelyn Fitz-Gerald

Scones Upon the Waters

Illustrated by DUDLEY S. COWES



ALONG towards midnight the clouds blew over the moon. The storm which had been brewing off the coast of Murcia came creeping up the gulf and pounced upon Marseilles like an angry black tom-cat. The breeze turned into a gale which sent straw hats and café tablecloths sailing through the dust clouds, and brought a shower of roof-tiles clattering to the pavement. Rain came lashing through the Rue Cannebière, filling the gutters with torrents which raced down to the Quai and cascaded whitely into the Vieux Port. The street lights blinked twice and went out for the night. Five minutes, and the avenue was empty of all save stranded tramcars which sparked and sputtered futilely on their wires.

Within the Brasserie Maritime Mr. Glencannon listened to the rain, looked at his watch, then at his glass, which was almost empty, and then at the bottle, which was entirely so. Then he looked at the backgammon board, at Messrs. MacCrummon and Campbell, and at his own considerable winnings. The winnings decided him. Surreptitiously he clicked up his watch-stem and spun the hands two hours forward.

"Weel, guid friends and scholars," he yawned, gathering the flimsy French bank-notes to him and rising just a bit unsteadily to his feet, "it 's after two and the tromways is stopped, and I hae a lang, lang tromp through the highways and byways to get back to the ship. Therefore, I 'll regretfully bid ye a vurra guid evening. But," he smiled jovially and hastened to change the subject, "noo that I 've mentioned highways and byways, I 'm reminded o' Loch Lomond, that grond old Scottish bollod in whuch I feel we shud meengle our voices."

STUFFING the banknotes into his pocket, he tilted back his head and sang:

"Oh, I 'll tak' the high RUD
And you 'll tak' the lo-o-ow RUD,
And I 'll be i' Scotland a- DOR-R-ning.
For me and my true love
Will NEEver-r-r meet again
On the bonnie, bo-O- . . ."

"Ach, domme, hold hard!" Mr. MacCrummon interrupted him. "To heel wi' yere bonnie bonnies, Glencannon! Ye 've mulcted us o' heavy winnings in the game, ye have, and if ye think ye can quit this airly i' the evening by braying a bollod i' yere disgusting whusky barytune, ye 're vurra sodly i' error!"

Mr. Glencannon's song ended on a soul-piercing note. Three Frenchmen, realising that it was not, after all, the Marseillaise, replaced their hats and sat down again.

"Ah, swith!" protested Mr. Glencannon, putting tears into his voice, but at the same time putting on his waterproof, "I feel that ye 're onkind and onjust, Muster MacCrummon. There 's nowt I 'd rather do than sit here and

(All rights strictly reserved.)

[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

by GUY GILPATRIC

"I just cyme to tell yer that yer drunken Scotch pal was slugged a few minutes ago'"

game wi' ye till dumsday, no' caring a feeg whether I won or lost. Money? Foosh to money! But, aloss, 'tis two-fufteen as ye can see by my watch, and juty calls. As brother engineers ye weel ken its exoctions!"

"Aye," said Mr. Campbell hotly. "Being brother engineers is precisely why we ken dom weel that ye 've nowt to do aboard yere ship to-nicht, and that ye 're merely scuttling off i' the rain to fleece us o' our money, ye nosty sonctimonious Dumbartonshire yellowbelly!"

Mr. Glencannon winced, thrust his hands into his pockets, and hung his head in sorrow. "Onjust!" he murmured. "Onkind! Oh, but I 'm cairtain ye'll repent, gentlemen, and sae I bear ye no ill-will. That I dinna offer ye my hand at parting is only because I hoppen to be wearing a rather cumbersome knuckle-duster wi' half-inch steel spikes on it, just in case either o' ye shud behave oncouth."

"So!" said Mr. MacCrummon, "'Tis no surprise to lairn that ye 're a thug as weel as a sharper, and if my ain slung-shot was no' oot o' reach i' my raincoat yonder, I 'd vurra quickly teach ye the tricks o' yere trade!"

"Weel, I 've no doot ye cud teach me more about thuggery than ye did aboot backgammon," conceded Mr. Glencannon. "I 've lairned nowt to-nicht except that ye 're a pair o' poor losers!" And, snorting to himself, he fared forth into the storm.

Something less than a minute after his departure, an individual who had been observing the proceedings from a nearby table arose and strolled languidly towards the door. This person was slight, pasty-faced, and inconsiderable. He wore a grey cloth cap, scarlet shoes with fancy brass eyelets, and sickle-shaped side-burns which curved up in points almost to his cheek-bones. He was of a type common enough in Marseilles, notoriously a town in which, taking one Apache with another, or even taking them separately, a policeman's life is not a happy one.

Pausing in the vestibule to hearten himself with a good, fat sniff of cocaine, he turned up his collar and set out after Mr. Glencannon.

After the banknotes, rather. What might befall their custodian was wholly incidental to Le Requin. For Le Requin, at least to himself, was no longer slight, pasty-faced, and inconsiderable. He was eighteen feet high, had killed a hundred and seven policemen in single combat, and had just sniffed up a bucketful of Turkish snow. He walked along beside himself and gazed up admiringly, like a newsboy who has recognised the heavyweight champion of the boulevard. "Eh, bravo!" he applauded.

In the gloom ahead the banknotes were singing a crazy English song about "Ah! ni l'oreille." They were hurrying along the Quai du Port and staggering slightly.

Well, it was about time for Hermine. Le Requin slid her out of his pocket, clicked her open, and spat upon her blade.

Hence, he told himself, the cloudburst in Marseilles.

II

As Mr. Glencannon hurried down the dark, rain-misted street he was oppressed with a feeling that someone was following him. What with the storm-sounds and the shadows he was unable to verify this; but nevertheless he walked all the faster.

A stealthy footfall pattered in the gloom behind him. Fearfully, he peered over his shoulder, and in so doing collided full tilt with a gentleman hurrying in the opposite direction. "Bondit!" gasped Mr. Glencannon, unleashing a mighty swipe with the knuckle-duster. Due to the ragged state of his nerves, the blow went wide. Before he could aim another the target backed away and stood cowering, his hands above his head in abject surrender.

"Don't 'it me, guv'nor!" he pleaded. "I didn't mean to jostle yer, so 'elp me. I wouldn't 'arm a fly, I wouldn't. Orl I want is to get the 'ell out of Marseels as quick as 'eaven will let me. Look 'ere, guv'nor, as one Britisher to another, could yer spare a 'undred francs to syve a man's life?"

"No," said Mr. Glencannon, regaining his poise, "positeevely no. Why, deary me, my guid mon, the sum ye meention is appruximately sixteen sheelings, and sixteen sheelings are a muckle o' money! Wi' the world i' its preesent sod state it behooves us a' to proctice the most reegid economy. Come, walk alang wi' me, my mon, and tell me yere troubles." It was good to have company, and Mr. Glencannon was disposed to make the most of it.

"Well, orl right," said the other reluctantly. "But, see 'ere, guv'nor, let 's just cross the street and get aw'y from that bleddy light."

Mr. Glencannon looked ahead at the light, then back into the shadows. "As ye prefair," he shrugged. "But what 's wrong wi' yon light?"

"Plenty!" said the other. "Why, if them coves in the guard-room once saw 'oo I was, they 'd nab me in a jiffick. That 's Fort Saint-Jean, that is, and don't you forget it!"

Mr. Glencannon observed that the light hung above the gate of a drawbridge which spanned a moat, beyond which a prison-like structure of granite bulked black in the rain. Beside the gate was a corrugated iron sentry-box occupied by a khaki-clad Colonial. A sign on the gatepost read:

DÉPÔT DE PASSAGE,
1re et 2me Rgtes.
Légion Etrangère.

"Foosh!" exclaimed Mr. Glencannon. "The Furreign Legion! Why, they 're a disgraceful oggregation o' rooffians whose behaviour has brung blushes to my cheek i' monny a cinema."

"Yus," said his companion. "And it 's the Furreign Legion I 'm deserting from right now. I enlisted yesterd'y when I was drunk, I did, and when I cyme to my sense a while ago I found that they 'd 'ave me in uniform and shipped orff to h'Afrikker fer five years' service in the bleddy desert first thing to-morrow. I bided my time and I nipped orff, but they rysed the hue and cry arfter me. If the patrols tyke me hup now, they 'll shoot me out of 'and."

"Weel," Mr. Glencannon commented unsympathetically, "ye 've been vurra ondiscreet, and I hope 'twull be a lesson ne'er again to look upon the wine when it is red."

"It wasn't red," said the deserter. "It wasn't even wine. It was coggernac, which is something like whisky."

"Oh, and say ye so?" inquired Mr. Glencannon, evincing interest. "Come alang and watch me drink a drap o' it, then, the while ye 're telling me the rest o' yere story."

"No," declined the fugitive, "I don't dare show myself. I 've got to get going, I tell yer!—to Spain! I 've got to 'ave the price of a ticket. Come on now, guv'nor, you can't let me down! A 'undred francs is orl I arsks, and . . ."

Mr. Glencannon made as if to move off, but paused as a sudden wave of goodwill surged warmly over him. His eye became moist with tenderness and pity for a distressed fellow-being. Impulsively he slipped off his knuckle-duster, plunged his hand into his pocket, and extended a five-centime copper piece.

"There, my poor mon!" he said, choking a little. "Tak'

(Continued on page 337)

Lafayette — Elwin Neame — Joan Craven

Miss Aileen Gregson — *Miss Elizabeth Brooke* — *Miss Sheila Philipps*

OUR "ENGAGEMENT" LIST

EIGHT BRIDES-TO-BE

Miss Aileen Laura Gregson is engaged to Dr. George Steven Halley, of Ascot. Her home is at Wingfield Place, Windsor Forest, Berkshire

Miss Elizabeth Brooke is the daughter of Capt. Brooke, who is the Tuan Muda of Sarawak and the heir to the Rajah of Sarawak. Her fiancé is Lieut. T. A. K. Maunsell, R.N.

Miss Sheila Philipps's engagement has been announced. to the Baron de Rutzen, of Slebeck Park, Pembrokeshire. She is the only daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Philipps

Photos Lenare

Miss Jean Beckwith — *Miss Rosemary Gregory-Hood* — *Miss Gwendolen Armstrong-Jones*

Hay Wrightson — Lenare

Miss Pamela Montgomery-Cunninghame — *Lady Myrtle Jellicoe*

Miss Jean Beckwith is to marry Mr. R. Stephen, of the 14th Hussars. She is the elder daughter of Major W. and Lady Muriel Beckwith and a kinswoman of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon

Miss Rosemary Gregory-Hood is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Gregory-Hood, of Loxley Hall, Warwick. Her fiancé is Mr. P. K. M. Chance, of Radford Manor House, Leamington

Miss Gwendolen Armstrong-Jones, engaged to the Hon. Denys Burton Buckley, the youngest son of Lord and Lady Wrenbury, is the younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Armstrong-Jones

Miss Pamela Montgomery-Cunninghame is the daughter of Colonel Sir Thomas Montgomery-Cunninghame and of Lady Symonds. Her fiancé, Mr. T. Abdy Combe, is the son of the late Mr. John Abdy Combe and of Mrs. Combe

Lady Myrtle Jellicoe, who will be married to Mr. L. M. J. Balfour at All Souls', Langham Place, on June 11, is the second daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, and of Countess Jellicoe

SCONES UPON THE WATERS (continued from page 335)

it, tak' it, but dinna emborrass me wi' proteestations of yore grotitude! After a', it 's only Christian chority, and . . ."

A woollen sock descended upon him. The sock was filled with sand, and Mr. Glencannon subsided into a puddle in what appeared to be sweet and dreamless slumber.

"There, now!" the deserter addressed him. "That 's for you and yer five-centime Christian charity! Well, it serves me right to 'ave wysted my time on a ruddy Scotchman, anyw'y. I 'll just see 'ow much ye 've got in yer pockets, and . . . oh, my aunt! Four blinking thousand francs!"

"— And four t'ousand t'anks to you for counting it," said a cold voice behind him. "I thought it was but three. Stand up, my leetle friend Charley, and hand them over to me."

It was Le Requin. Hermine was gleaming dully in his hand. Charley winced, and stood up, trembling.

Le Requin snatched the money, and chuckled. "Leetle friend Charley," he said, "I have warn you before and I warn you again, you must to leave these affairs of importance to me. I have work on theece in the Brasserie Maritime all evening. I saw theece man ween *trois mille* from his two friends, and make his queeck depart. *En futur*, play your beggar's game of the *Légion* deserter all you weesh, but do not interfere weet me!"

III.

In the Brasserie Maritime, Messrs. MacCrummon and Campbell, half-way into a fresh bottle, were calling down anathemas upon the name of Glencannon. They were calling down so loudly that the proprietor strolled over to ask them to desist. Observing, however, that one of them was whanging upon the backgammon board with a canvas-covered slungshot, while the other was knocking chips out of the marble table with a ten-inch spanner, he changed his mind and strolled back again.

"— A mean, mean, mean, pairsimonious mon!" Mr. MacCrummon was complaining. "Why, guid losh, to think that it 's only one o'clock the noo! We shud ha' followed him oot and tuk the money awa' fra' him, that 's what we shud ha'!"

"Aye, I shall ne'er forgi' mysel' for being hoodwunked by the grosping ghoul!" agreed Mr. Campbell, fervently. "Fifteen hoonderd froncs apiece! Think o' it, think o' it! Weel, let 's drink black confusion to him, and may a tree grow oot o' his back!"

"Two trees," corrected Mr. MacCrummon, lifting his glass. "And may he be hung on the pair o' 'em."

A stranger stood before them—a shifty, cringing specimen. As he twisted his cap deferentially, water dripped from it to the table.

"I arsks yer pardon, gempmen," he began. "I met a cove 'oo said as 'ow yer was 'ere, and sure enough, 'ere yer are."

"Aye, sure enough, here we are," agreed Mr. Campbell, coldly. "But who are you, and who cares, onyway?"

"My nyme is Charley," said the newcomer, unabashed. "Some calls me The Liverpool Wasp. I just cyme to tell yer that yer drunken Scotch pal was slugged a few minutes ago, and orl his money stole orff o' him. 'E wasn't 'urt bad, and 'e 's probably back on 'is ship by now with nothing worse than a 'eadache. But I thought if you 'd myke it worth my while, I 'd point out to yer the chap wot done it. 'E 's still got your friend's four thousand francs on 'im, and m'ybe you 'd like to get it back."

"Four thousand francs—four thousand, ye say? Why, ye 're dom richt—we wud!" exclaimed Mr. Campbell, springing to his feet and reaching for his coat. "And we 'll pay ye a hoonderd francs for the tip, won't we, Muster Mac?"

"Right-o!" said Charley. "Let 's get going."

Glowering and silent, they followed him through the rain. At the bend in the Quai du Port he halted. "We 're about there," he announced. "But if it 's orl the syme to you I 'll just st'y outside till the barshing is over. I 'll point out yer man from the door, and I warn yer, 'e 's a very 'ard customer!"

"He 'll be a vurra soft custard when we get through wi' him!" predicted Mr. MacCrummon, toying with his slungshot.

"I 'ope so," said Charley, curling up his lip like an angry rat. "Oh, I 've many an old score to settle with that slimy bucko, I 'ave! But now, gempmen, 'ere 's the plyce 'ere. And, yus, there 's yer man, sitting there fycing us, h'opposite that other chap in the larst little booth on the left. Well, good luck, gempmen, toodly-oo! I 'll be wyting across the street!" With shoulders hunched, he oozed away into the darkness.

Messrs. MacCrummon and Campbell paused in the vestibule and peered into the dim interior. Save for their quarry, his companion, and the barman, the place was deserted.

"Weel," said Mr. Campbell. "Sae far, sae guid. Our mon himsel' doesna appear difficult, but as ye 've dootless obsairved, his friend has a cairtain oogly expression. We 'd better tak' a drink at the bar the while we plan the battle."

They had scarcely wet their whistles when they heard from the booth a voice as from the tomb—the voice of Mr. Glencannon addressing Le Requin across a table which they shared in alcoholic amity.

"Aye, the fut-pads!" he was saying. "Fra' the way ye deescribe them, sir, I hae no' slichtest doot that they were MacCrummon and the rogue Wull Campbell. 'Twas vurra lik' them, too, to creep behind a mon engaged i' admeenistering sweet chority, and smite him doon the while he was heelpless and onsuspecting!"

"But yes!" agreed Le Requin, quite evidently enjoying the situation. "I stand in the door. I look across the street. I see you to speak with the beggar, and put your hand in the pocket. I see then that the two do creep behind, with *trique* upraised. I shout—but too late! I think you are dead."

"Aye," said Mr. Glencannon. "But I 'm grateful for your guid intentions, and still more grateful—" he reached for the bottle—"for yere kind hospitality since I blundered i' here battered, dazed and sore beset."

Mr. Campbell nudged Mr. MacCrummon. "Weel, did ye ever! The swundling French frog is blaming it on us!"

"Aye," answered the scandalised Mr. MacCrummon. "And the besotted droonken jockoss is confairming him! Come, come, Muster Campbell, 'tis time we settled it, and to heel wi' discreetion!"

Shoulder to shoulder, they strode down the room and stood squarely in the entrance of the booth.

"Glencannon," said Mr. MacCrummon, ominously and without prelude, "ye 've been robbed, e'en as ye robbed us, and we mean to have it back!"

"Aye!" chimed in Mr. Campbell. "And here ye sit and lollygog wi' the scoondrel that robbed ye!"

It was a tense moment. Le Requin sat forward in his chair and sniffed a carefully-gauged shot of cocaine. The emergency, he estimated, would require the services of a man fifty-three feet high, and he intended to be prepared.

Mr. Glencannon set down his glass without spilling too much of the contents, and surveyed the intruders coldly.

"For shame to ye!" he said. "For shame, ye thieving hypocrites! Was it no' enough that ye assaulted and pillaged me i' the public streets? Must ye noo come slondering my vurra dear friend—an eestimable gentlemon who . . ."

"*Especes de salauds!*" screamed Le Requin, springing to action. The heavy marble table up-ended, caught the two Scots violently amidships, knocked the wind out of them, and crashed down upon their legs.

In a split second, Le Requin was astraddle of Mr. MacCrummon, going through his pockets like the wind going through trees. The barman, although less expert, was doing a competent job on the inert Mr. Campbell. Like all good craftsmen, the pair were concentrating on their work.

There was a sudden sound *thwuck!* and Le Requin measured his length upon the floor. His length had decreased from fifty-three feet to a mere five feet seven. There was another *thwuck!* and the bartender folded up with a whistling sigh.

"Noo, then," said Mr. Glencannon, setting down the cognac bottle which had served him so nobly as a war-club, "I 'll proceed wi' the business i' hond before ony o' these four blacklegs become restless."

Kneeling beside Le Requin he extracted from his pockets seven thousand two hundred and eighty-five francs.

"Losh!" he chuckled, tucking the money into his wallet. "This is what I micht truthfully call a braw clever evening's work! But, no . . ." the smile left his face and he scratched his chin pensively. "But, no! On second thought, 'tis vain o' ye, Glencannon, to tak' the creedit unto yersel'! Though ye may be seeveral thoosand froncs the reecher, 'tis only because, i' lavishing alms upon that Furreign Legion fut-pad, ye caught his sond-bag on the shoulder i'stead o' on the head. It was yere chority that saved ye, Glencannon! Aye, ye cast yere bread upon the waters, and ye got back buttered scones!"

And pausing only long enough to empty the cash till of eight hundred and thirty-one francs thirty centimes, he resumed his long, long tramp through the highways and byways of Marseilles. G. G.

Books of the Day

A Tragic Diary

By "Junius"

Walter Bird

Barbara Cartland

In private life, Mrs. Alexander McCorquodale, whose latest novel, "A Virgin in Mayfair," has just been published by Hutchinson. She is very well known and popular in Mayfair society

THERE is no suggestion of the illness to which Edgar Wallace succumbed at Hollywood last February in a diary which he kept for his wife, and sent her each week, beyond mention of a cold. This he attributed to a sudden fall of temperature in the night and an open bedroom window. This diary has now been published. *My Hollywood Diary* (Hutchinson; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

It is vivid and alive with all its writer's keen interest in his work; in all that he saw at the heart of Filmland; in all the people whom he met. So vivid and alive, that the unexpected end gives it poignant tragedy. His output during the ten weeks he spent at Hollywood was amazing. Scenarios for films, short stories, articles poured from his pen and his dictation. Beyond this, he sent alterations and fresh dialogue for a play of his which Mrs. Wallace was producing in London, wrote many letters, and kept this diary. Hours each day were spent at the film studios, five miles away from the house he had rented on Beverley Hills. There were luncheons and dinners with film stars; he even found time to go to a race-meeting over the Mexican border. No man could ever have spent ten more strenuous weeks. No living writer ever did so much work in that time.

Edgar Wallace's eagerness for the present was only equalled by his eagerness for the future. His plans for coming work, set out so enthusiastically to his wife, make sad reading now. But hundreds of his admirers will be grateful to Mrs. Wallace for allowing them to know Edgar Wallace the man, as well as the author.

I HAVE rarely been so thrilled by a book of travel as I have by *Tom-Toms in the Night* (Hutchinson; 16*s.*), by Attilio Gatti. Commander Gatti is an Italian, and after serving with great distinction during the War as a cavalry officer, went to Africa, where he has spent nine years in exploration and on scientific expeditions. The predominating interest of the book is that Commander Gatti, through saving the life and kraal of a Zulu chief from an attack by lions, was made his "brother." This brotherhood gave him opportunities, never permitted to white men, of witnessing strange native rites, such as the small ceremony and the ordeal by fire, followed by the heart-spearing dance. He also joined in native lion hunts.

The late Edgar Wallace

One of the last photographs taken of the novelist and playwright. It is reproduced from "My Hollywood Diary" (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.), which records his ill-starred visit to America up to the time of his fatal illness

His accounts, too, of the capture of elephants are most interesting. It is generally believed that the African elephant cannot be kept in captivity, and that it is an animal of confirmed ferocity and stupidity. In the Belgian Congo this has proved to be wrong. Well-trained elephants have been supplied to regions where horses and oxen are impossible because of the tsetse fly. A ten-year-old elephant will do the work of ten oxen, and of twenty when he is fully developed. His maintenance costs nothing, because he lives on grass, small branches and leaves of trees.

Then there are exciting accounts of gorilla hunting. One captured by Commander Gatti was six feet six inches high, and is believed to be the largest ever captured. It is now in the Royal Natural Museum at Florence. The writer has come nearer to the mystery of the African native than any other explorer whose works I have read.

MISS KATHLEEN HEWITT is a new author, and I am much mistaken if her first novel, *Mardi* (Noel Douglas; 7*s.* 6*d.*) does not attract considerable attention. To begin with, Miss Hewitt has the gift of creating character. Each one of her people stands out as if they were real, living people. This alone gives conviction to her story of Mardi, the slum-girl of Ridge Street. The girl's surroundings are acutely depressing. She lives with three sisters. One keeps a wretched crockery shop, and has a husband who spends a portion of his time in prison; another is married to a Kaffir albino, who does no work, and is supported by his wife; the third is also married, but "is no better than she ought to be."

Mardi's whole nature cries out against this *milieu*, and having considerable strength of character, she determines to run away. But this is only possible by stealing the day's takings at the little dressmaker's shop where she is employed, and likewise a dress. She goes to London, and there becomes a sort of hostess at a night club. That experience, her time with a drunken medical student, and her stay with Miss Golding in the country, all give Mardi a knowledge of the world. Finally, she runs a hat shop, and with the arrival of Andrew Currie, the future stretches pleasantly before her.

This slum-girl who conquers an adverse fate—it is only fair to Mardi to say that she returns the stolen money on which she set forth to London—grows in mental stature, page by page. You see the gradual development of the best side of her nature, as it is revealed step by step, under her varying experiences. If some of those experiences are not "pleasant," Miss Hewitt treats them with a delicacy which gives their effect without any unpleasant reality of detail. And this is quite an art in itself.

THOSE who love the Cotswolds will revel in *World Without End* (Cobden-Sanderson; 10*s.* 6*d.*), by H. J. Massingham. It is the diary of a year spent in that delectable country, so many parts of which are still untouched by modern thought. Nothing seems to have escaped Mr. Massingham's keen observation in the excursions he made daily through the changing months of the year. The birds, the flowers, the gardens, the villages, the churches, the houses and the inns of the Cotswolds, all have their place, with folk-lore, Cotswold words, and a hundred other matters of interest to the nature-lover. A fascinating book.

ROMANCE is poured out with a generous hand in *Bewitched* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Alice Williamson (Mrs. C. N. Williamson). It is all about a lovely half-Irish girl, Maïtena Novaros, who lives with her grandmother in a villa in the Landes. A rich Englishman takes a neighbouring villa. Under Mrs. Williamson's clever romance-weaving pen, there grows one of those stories of passion and adventure, set in the atmosphere of the South, we may always expect from her.

"Their Majesties' Court": Sitters to Sir John Lavery

Left: Miss Margaret Whigham

Centre: Lady Patricia Moore

Right: Miss Diane Chamberlain

Photographs by Bertram Park

In the Academy one of the pictures of the year is "Their Majesties' Court, Buckingham Palace, 1931," by Sir John Lavery, R.A., in which portraits of a number of notabilities appear. For these, Sir John made sketch portraits, and reproduced on this page, beneath the photographs of the three 1931 débutantes, Miss Margaret Whigham, Lady Patricia Moore, and Miss Diane Chamberlain, are his impressions of them

A PRIVATE view of Sir John Lavery's work will be held at Colnaghi's, 144, New Bond Street, on May 25, and opened to the public on May 27, in which these portrait-studies will be on sale, and the proceeds from which will be given by Sir John to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution

"Court" at His Majesty's

Louis XV. and others less exalted seen in the new musical play, "The Dubarry"

A general view showing Madame Sauterelle's salon—which might tactfully be described as a beauty parlour—showing beauty's winning ways with the wayward male visitors. Inset above Réné Lavallery (Heddle Nash), who is the harmless, necessary hero. In the foreground are Comte Dubarry (Edmund Willard) and Jeanne (Anny Ahlers)

Left: A close-up of Jeanne (Anny Ahlers) in the scene depicted above. Jeanne is the heroine of the play and helps to provide the serious interest

The Marquis de la Marche (Charles Heslop), and Margot (Clarice Hardwicke), a pair in whose hands is much of the comedy of this successful play

Cupid and Cricket

E. F. Longrigg, the Cambridge University and Somerset cricketer, only son of Major and Mrs. G. E. Longrigg, of Greystones, Weston, Bath, and Miss Cecily Wollen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Wollen, of Weston-super-Mare, whose engagement has been announced

Howard Marshall on CRICKET

The Indian Cricketers' Good Showing

I THINK it is reasonably safe to say that by the time you read this blether of mine, Hobbs will have scored his first century of the summer. But until he has actually notched the hundred, I can never feel that the cricket season is really under way. Perhaps to-morrow, making my way to THE BYSTANDER offices, I shall see just "Hobbs Again" on the evening paper bills. That will be enough; cricket will flower once more, and all the other outstanding performances of the past three weeks will take on actuality. We shall know, for instance, that it is not merely the echoes of other seasons which tell us that Jardine scored a magnificent century in Surrey's opening match, or that Paine, of Warwickshire, with his slow left-handed spin bowling, took seven Middlesex wickets for 14 runs at Lords, or that George Gunn played with all his old magic to charm 67 runs from the attack of men like Tate and Wensley.

These things happened, and cricket is in the air again, though I could hardly believe it on the county ground at Hove recently, when the Indian cricketers were chilled to the bone by a piercing northerly wind.

A more unpleasant introduction to their serious engagements they could not have had, and the fact that they led Sussex on the first innings, and eventually were able to draw the match, is greatly to their credit. We have seen enough of the Indians now to know that they are definitely a good side, though just how good they will prove to be on fast wickets—whether, for example, they will make a game of it against the full strength of England—I won't attempt to prophesy.

One of the most interesting points about their cricket is that they are totally unaccustomed to swerve bowling. They will soon adapt themselves to it, no doubt, but in India wickets are so hard that after one or two overs the shine is taken off the ball, and it begins to lose its shape. As a result, they have no bowlers of the W. T. Greswell or J. W. H. T. Douglas type, nor can their batsmen play the swinging ball with real confidence. In their first innings against Sussex, Wensley took their first five wickets with in-swingers, and Tate, coming on for his third spell when All-India had made about 200, took the remaining five wickets very quickly with the new ball.

V. W. C. Jupp missed at the wicket off F. R. Brown at Lord's, in the M.C.C. v. Surrey match, which was ruined by rain and left unfinished after one day's play. Jupp scored 21

STILL, as I have said, this will not trouble them long, and they certainly have some most promising batsmen. I particularly like the look of S. H. M. Colah, for though he did not make many runs and is not altogether happy in his back play, some of his forcing strokes in front of the wicket are beautifully timed and executed. J. Naoomal and J. Navle are a couple of stickers, very patient and watchful, as befits an opening pair, and P. E. Palia, a left-hander, also follows the ball right on to the bat. Then they have Nazir Ali and C. K. Nayudu, both of whom have played a considerable amount in this country, and two splendidly aggressive batsmen they are.

Their batting, then, is reasonably strong. As for their bowling, they have not yet unmasked all their guns. They are keeping Mahomed Nissar, their fastest man, until the harder wickets come along, but in the meanwhile they have two steady fast-medium bowlers, Amar Singh and Nazir Ali, who will always be useful. Amar Singh, indeed, may turn out to be more than useful, for he does get life off the pitch, and now and again seems to make the ball lift. Then there is Ghulam Mahomed, a left-hander, who flights the ball intelligently, though I have not seen him, or any of the Indians for that matter, bowling on a wicket which would take spin at all kindly.

Curiously enough, none of the Indians bowls the googlie, or if they do, they have not bowled it yet. They are plain spinners, and on the dead wicket at Hove they appeared to be innocuous enough. Later on we may have a different story to tell, however, when men like S. R. Godambe, who possibly does something through the air, and J. Naoomal and P. E. Palia, another left-hander, find conditions which suit them.

The Indian attack, in short, is varied, though I should hesitate yet to say how it will fare against our best players, and it is supported by splendidly keen and clean fielding, and by absolutely first-rate wicket-keeping.

G. T. S. Stevens and G. D. Kemp-Welch going out to bat for the M.C.C. v. Surrey at Lord's. The former scored 10, and the latter—who is regarded as a possible No. 1 in an England eleven—9 runs on a wet wicket

TO sum up, my impression is that it would be suicidal for any of our teams to take these Indians lightly, and undoubtedly they will add considerable interest to our cricket this summer.

SINCE writing the above, I fear I have proved myself a false prophet, for Hobbs missed what looked like a certain century against Somerset; but then, I have every reason for pointing out that, so far as London is concerned, at any rate, the cricket season has not yet got under way—it would be more accurate to say, indeed, that, so far, the season has been less under way than under water!

B. A. Sanders caught while approaching the fifteenth green

J. H. Egger (Captain of the Baltic Exchange G.S.) driving

Charles Arnell playing from close to the wood to the fourth hole

K. Imaye, seen in action while driving from the seventh tee

A Day Out

The Baltic Exchange Golfing Society's Meeting

S. A. Bacon and J. E. Parry indulging in a moment's rest at the sixteenth tee

Above: T. E. Morell chatting to D. Erlebach (Honorary Secretary to the Baltic Exchange G.S.)

Left: A. E. Lawrence and Russell Stokes awaiting their turn to drive off at the sixteenth

H. Smurthwaite in a spot of trouble near the eighteenth green

L. Dambiumenil getting nicely out of a bunker at the third

F. G. L. Fairlie on GOLF:

Men v. Women; Putting Difficulties

I COULD not make up my mind what to write about this week, so I decided, instead of writing this article before lunch, to postpone my activities and trust that, having satisfied the hunger, perhaps the grey matter would get going.

I lunched with a very good friend of mine, and I outlined to him the difficulty in which I found myself. He said modestly, "Write about me."

In view of his peculiarities on the putting-green, I have decided to do so.

But before I venture on this exciting human study I would like to say just the one thing which comes into my mind with regard to the annual match between the ladies and the men, in which the poor male is expected to concede to his female opponent no less than nine strokes in the round. This match has usually been won by the men, and, until one comes to think about it, this is rather a surprising fact, since the man is not born who could regularly concede nine strokes to a really first-class lady golfer. But, on consideration, the explanation is not so difficult to find. If one looks at the list of those who played in this last match which has just taken place at Stoke Poges, it is noticeable that the man who played last could have given an excellent game to the man who played first. There is, in fact, only a difference of a stroke or two in the golfing abilities of the twelve male players.

Looking, however, at the list of ladies who took part, there are very few who would not back those who played in the first three places to win against any of the remaining nine very many more times than they would lose. The point that I am attempting to make is that there are a great many really good golfers in the ranks of the male players, and that a team composed of entirely different men would probably have achieved the same result as did those who actually played against the ladies. On the other hand, there are comparatively few first-class lady golfers, and, once the side is deprived of the first three or four who actually played, and also Miss Wethered and Miss Fishwick, who were prevented from playing, the advantage of nine strokes on handicap would not seem quite adequate. Let us say, erring on the chivalrous side for preference, that there are half-a-dozen lady golfers to whom no man could concede nine strokes when they are playing well, but that the chances are that any of the first sixty men in the country will beat the others at these odds.

Now to get going on my rash friend.

A FEW words of explanation are necessary. This friend is one of the longest drivers of a golf-ball that I have seen, when he happens to hit the ball in the middle of the club. He also hits the ball prodigious distances with a big iron, and if all is going well he is very apt to reach a green in two shots which even the best would envy.

But on reaching the green he has an unfortunate tendency to throw away the advantage which he has gained. Many people, including myself, have attempted to correct him of these misdemeanours in order that he should reap a due harvest from his long hitting, but the sort of bad putting in which he indulges is extremely difficult to eradicate. If he always pushed the ball out to the right of the hole, or hooked it round to the left, or failed to judge the strength, or had difficulty over the line, then one would have a better chance of helping him, for all these faults have their own definite cause. But my friend indulges quite impartially in all of them, and refuses to commit the same fault twice running. It is easy enough, therefore, to tell him, when he has missed on the right, that he has swayed his body, or that he has committed some other cardinal fault which would cause this distressing calamity; but when the next time he literally hooks the ball out of the hole, it is not so easy to prescribe for him.

The Household Brigade G.S. v. The Jokers. Major G. H. M. Cartwright (Household Brigade) with his opponent, Mr. G. Blaker (The Jokers), before driving off from the thirteenth

NOW, he is not one of those bad workmen who blame their tools. He is well aware that he possesses in one of his putters a club which makes his golfing acquaintances green with envy. Yet he pursues a line which is interesting. He buys a new putter on every possible occasion. Many is the time when he has dragged me off to select some club for him which, in his calmer moments, he has worked out should suit him well. His latest idea is to buy a copy of Bobby Jones's famous "Calamity Jane," which, as all the world must now know, is his pet name for his putter.

I am all in favour of my friend pursuing this line of thought. In the first place, it is very encouraging for trade at a time when trade is slack. In the second, it is pleasant for his friends to find good clubs lying about his house and to be able to purloin them unostentatiously. In the third, he is probably quite right. One day he will find a putter with which he will insert regularly from everything under two or three yards, and this putter will be the tool which he requires. The antics in which the ball now indulges as a result of being struck by him will cease.

No one can tell my friend how to putt, not even the greatest coach in all the world. He knows perfectly well that he must keep his head still, his body still, and that it is just as important to look at the ball when putting as in any other stroke in the game . . . but he has lost his confidence: he approaches the green and takes out his putter with a feeling of doubt.

It is not those people of whom he asks advice who will cure him of his putting lapses. It is a putter, possibly one which he already possesses and will go back to, which will, by giving him a succession of good days on the green, restore to him the only thing he lacks—his belief in himself.

Mr. Bernard Darwin (The Jokers), Capt. J. C. Craigie, and Capt. F. Anson (Household Brigade), three other competitors in this match, which was played at Worplesdon

Mr. N. Mordaunt (The Jokers) with Capt. R. Wavell Paxton (Household Brigade), in the match won by The Jokers by 8 to 3

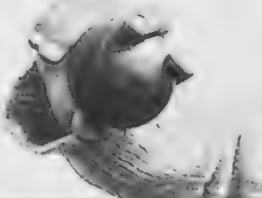
Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

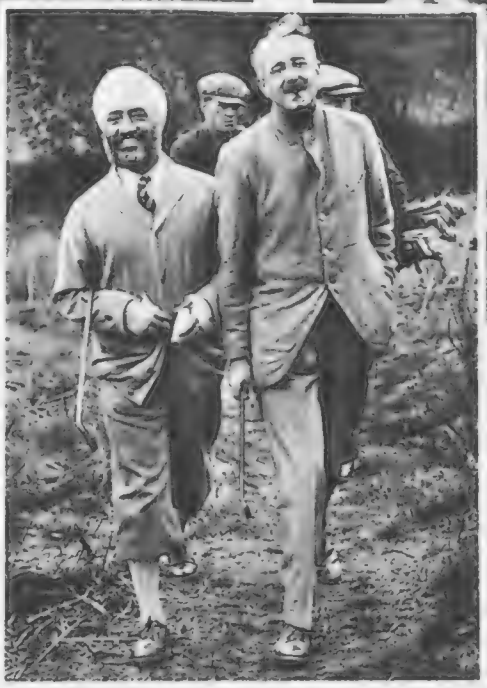
Arming for the Fray

K. S. Duleepsinhji, the Sussex and England cricketer, donning his pads preparatory to net practice on the Sussex County ground at Hove. A nephew of the immortal "Ranji," he has already proved himself to be a brilliant batsman and fine field



Getting to Grips

Maurice Tate, of Sussex and England, who is one of the cheeriest and most popular players in the country. He is seen on the right demonstrating his favourite grip for bowling



Golf at Woking

Hardit Singh Malig, the only golfer from India to play in a 'Varsity match, setting out with his opponent, E. Campbell, to compete in the Gold Vase Competition. The former secured his Blue at Oxford in 1914

A LITTLE unwarily, perhaps, I remarked in these columns a week or so ago that women seem out of place at prize-fights. I have not changed my opinion, but two letters in particular, among those which have reached me on the subject, make me think that perhaps I was too sweeping in my attack on the female boxing fan.

Both these letters are intelligent and reasonable, and both, oddly enough, bring out the fact that the writers appreciate the footwork and judgment of distance which characterise good boxing. To these correspondents I apologise, but I still think that most women who go to big fights, particularly heavy-weight fights, are more interested in blood and brutality than boxing, and that, therefore, their presence degrades the sport to the level of mere sensationalism. It would be unjust, perhaps, if I cited the case of the lady who attacked the referee at the Vale Hall, Kilburn, last week, though, I must say, the incident hardly surprised me.

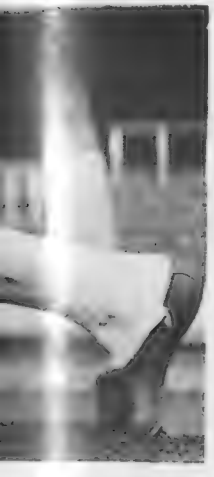
I am glad to note, incidentally, that Reggie Meen did not, after all, fight Salah el Din, the Egyptian champion, though he made the journey to Alexandria. Meen would probably have won, but had he been beaten, the publicity in the East would have been definitely harmful, and I hope he will contemplate no more engagements of this kind. I wonder, incidentally, how much longer he will be the British heavy-weight champion, for next Monday young Petersen starts his climb after the title by fighting Harry Crossley at the Stadium Club.

WHILE we are talking of champions, they say that Carpentier seriously thinks of returning to the ring. This would be a tragedy, for no man has ever yet come back successfully. All the old champions consider the possibility at one time or another, refusing to believe that a man loses just that extra quickness of hand and eye which means everything to a boxer. Carpentier was a great fighter, but he had a long career, and I doubt whether he ever really recovered from the hammering Jack Dempsey gave him when they fought for the world's heavy-weight title. Then there was that terrible night when Battling Siki, a third-rate negro, caught him unawares, and smashed him to undreamt-of defeat. No, I think Carpentier had better realise that the glamour of the ring is behind him.

IF boxing is a young man's game, cricket seems to encourage the veterans, and already this summer men like George Gunn, Hobbs, and Freeman have been proving their mastery again. Hobbs is a wonderful player, though I think nowadays I would rather watch George Gunn. Hobbs is the perfect stylist, a model batsman, but Gunn is an artist, and his technique is exquisite. The New Zealanders, who played here last

Going into Battle

Four of the competitors in the Ladies versus Men match at Stoke Poges. Seen above are: R. H. de Montmorency and W. L. Hartley with their Foursomes opponents, Miss K. Garnham and Miss Wanda Morgan, who won by 2 and 1



A Battle of the Sexes

Miss Molly Gourlay, Mr. Dennis Kyle, and Mrs. Alec Gold on their way to the seventeenth tee at Stoke Poges during the Ladies versus Men match. The men won by 11 games to 6

"On Your Marks!"

Guy Butler, the joint holder of the World's 300 yards' record, is now acting as coach at the White City running track, which has the finest equipment and accommodation in England. He is seen above demonstrating how to get quickly off the mark in a sprint

year, admired Hobbs enormously, but when they spoke of Gunn a curious kind of reverence crept into their voices. Here, one felt, was the man who represented the true spirit of batsmanship to them, and they were appropriately impressed.

I DON'T know whether Mayors, as a species, are tactful men, but the Mayors of Hove and Brighton were a little unwise, it seemed to me, in issuing their invitations to the luncheon which they gave to the Indian cricketers. They singled out the representatives of two national newspapers, and ignored the rest, which was neither courteous nor good policy, especially as in their speeches they sang the praises of Brighton and Hove with a view to publicity. Still, it was a good luncheon, and once more the Maharajah of Porbandar, who captains All-India, spoke with great good humour and charm. He has a modest way with him, and he said that his spectacles cause him to miss the ball more often than he hits it. Members of his team assured me, however, that he will make heaps of runs on faster wickets; but, even though he does not yet shape like a very convincing batsman, he is at least an excellent spokesman for Indian cricket. W. Ferguson, known everywhere as "Fergie," is over here, by the way, though, through an unfortunate misunderstanding, he is not looking after the baggage and scoring for the Indians. "Fergie" is an amazing fellow; he has travelled thousands of miles with cricket teams, and was baggage-man and scorer for the last four Australian sides which visited England. His scoring, moreover, is an astonishing business, for, in addition to the usual statistics, he records the fate of every ball and the exact direction of every stroke in a game. A fearsome thing is his score-book, and "Fergie" himself is one of the outstanding personalities of cricket.

TO turn for a moment to golf; next Monday the Amateur Championship begins at Muirfield. I don't know who the experts have selected as favourite, though Eric Fiddian must be strongly in the running. I have an idea, though, that L. G. Crawley will go pretty close, with that fighting temperament of his. But when all is said and done, this competitive golf is a grim business, and I must say I like a game to be more of a game. Perhaps that is a weakness, for the more exacting the conditions, the more some people seem to enjoy themselves. D. R. Jardine, for example, has often told me that Test Match cricket is the best cricket in the world, since he likes to play in any game with the gloves off. An admirable sentiment, no doubt, but it strikes me as a little severe.

THE choice of pairs by the selection committee of the Lawn Tennis Association to represent Great Britain in the French Championships, which start in Paris on May 23, shows which way the official wind is blowing for the Davis and Wightman Cups. The choice of Mrs. Whittingstall and Miss Betty Nuthall was an obvious one, and it would have been absurd not to let them continue their partnership, but that of Mrs. Godfree and Miss Freda James is a new combination. In the trials lately held at Queen's, the former played with Miss Gwen Sterry, and the latter with Miss Heeley, but I think this blending of experience and youth may work out well.

IT is, however, the pairing-up of the men which is more interesting. We want a good doubles pair very badly indeed, for it is the doubles match which often turns the scale in the Davis Cup. Last year Perry and Hughes were chosen, but it was not a very satisfactory combination, and placed too great a strain on Perry, who had to play three matches. Now Hughes is paired with I. C. Collins, and as the latter's usual partner, Dr. J. C. Gregory, evidently cannot find time to play, I don't think a better choice could be made. Some critics think Collins is the best doubles player we have, and Hughes runs him close. Both possess the strokes, the tactical ability and, what is even more important, the will to win.

Cars with a Personality:

No. 3.

The Standard 16-h.p. "Swallow": a sports car of attractive appearance

Continuing a Series Specially Compiled for "The Bystander"

by

The Earl of Cardigan

The special radiator, cycle-type wings, and exceptionally clean "lines" combine to give the Standard "Swallow" a very sleek and sporting appearance

The doors are of exceptional width and depth, and the low build of the car has enabled the makers to dispense with the fitting of running boards

The one-piece windscreen is easily opened, as is the sliding roof. The coupled screen-wipers are valuable features

No space is wasted under the bonnet. The 16-h.p. engine is very accessible, and the tool-kit is ready to hand if needed

THE Standard "Swallow," or S.S. sports model, is a car which belongs to a new and interesting class. The chassis is, of course, a modification of the well-known 16-h.p. Standard, and is built specially to accommodate coachwork made exclusively by the Swallow Company. It is thus a joint production, incorporating the ideas of both firms as to what a sports car should be, and it is marketed n sufficiently large quantities to permit of the extremely low inclusive price of £310 for the remarkably smart-looking saloon which is illustrated at the top of this page.

OWING to the fact that the car placed at my disposal was practically new, I was not able to make an exhaustive test of its performance at high speeds. Within the first mile, however, I was able to decide that this special Standard chassis was very much to my liking. Although the engine is distinctly lively, yet it has the merit of being very flexible and smooth.

The gear-box is one of the best that I have come across for a long time. The top-gear ratio of 4·66 to 1 is, judged by modern standards, relatively high; yet, in conjunction with a six-cylinder engine, it struck me as being exactly right. I should guess the maximum speed as approximately 65 m.p.h., and this should not involve an unfair exploitation of the power unit's capacity for "revving."

Third gear also is an admirable ratio, both for hill-climbing and for traffic work. It has all the workman-like virtues. It is not dead silent, but what noise it makes is just the noise that an indirect gear ought to make. Its engagement is not "fool-proof" in the literal sense, yet it is very easy, and I thought it a good point that all the four ratios should be equally simple to manipulate. I have always felt it to be rather a doubtful virtue to design an ultra-simple third gear in conjunction with an awkward "second."

THE steering and springing are excellent, and this, combined with the low build of the specially underslung chassis frame, makes the car sit down with great certainty even on a wet road. The brakes are of great power; in fact, so remarkably powerful are they, that my passenger nearly made acquaintance with the wind-screen on one occasion when a quick pull-up was necessary, but they could not be called fierce when used with discretion.

THE coachwork fitted to this chassis is, of course, the most striking outward feature of this car. My only criticism of it is that smart appearance would seem to have been the first quality sought by its designer. My own view is that good appearance in coachwork should be placed second to solid comfort and practical convenience. A remarkably "dinky" set of cosmetics inset in the instrument board is a valuable adjunct on a short run in the neighbourhood of London, but I have known ladies to appreciate a well-designed seat cushion even more keenly when longer distances have to be covered.

AGAIN, I am doubtful whether sporting "lines" and artistic interior decoration are sufficient compensation for such practical defects as, for instance, the refusal of the doors to open when the car is standing alongside a moderately high kerb.

The "S.S.," nevertheless, is a model which possesses very real attractions for motorists. It has exceptionally good looks, and, moreover, its performance will appeal strongly to the discerning driver, and its cost is remarkably moderate.

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HOUBIGANT

The Aeroplane Conquers Africa: By Capt. C. E. Ward

Royalty Travels by Air

THE existence of the British route to Central Africa enabled the King of the Belgians to make an extensive tour in the Congo in a total time of thirty-two days from Brussels and back again, just about the same period as would have elapsed for the outward journey alone by ship. Imperial Airways' service to Africa, particularly from the Sudan southwards to Rhodesia, is probably of greater value as regards time saved than any other air route in the world, and it has established itself so quickly in popular favour that passengers from Nairobi, for instance, have had to reserve their seats as much as five weeks in advance. King Albert was particularly impressed with the "Kent" type flying-boats in which he crossed the Mediterranean from Brindisi to Alexandria. On his outward journey there was a full load of passengers, two of whom, in addition to the Royal party, were destined for the Congo. The crossing from Athens to Alexandria was made in five hours, and anyone who has attempted this journey by steamer—except, perhaps, in a luxury liner on a pleasure cruise—will appreciate the advantage of the air way. In an interview, his Majesty emphasised his feeling of safety during the journey, and commented on the varied scenery and remarkable views of wild animals visible in comfort from his arm-chair in the machine, a pleasure which is denied to those who are still earth-bound. Having been accustomed to air travel since the early days of the war, his opinions on air transport are especially valuable. He noted that our flying-boats, which cruise at more than 100 miles an hour, were faster than the land machines down the Nile, and expressed the hope that speeds could be increased over land to counteract the strong head winds which are often met in Central Africa. Steps have already been taken to speed up the service between Cairo and Cape Town, a fleet of Armstrong Whitworth airliners to cruise at 125 miles an hour, being under construction at the present time. "Atalanta," the first of this type, will be featured in colour in next week's BYSTANDER.

C. W. A. Scott, who lowered the record for a journey to Australia by air, using his own Gipsy Moth. The limit of human endurance over such a distance has surely been reached, though such engines as the Gipsy, lubricated by Castrol, fuelled by Shell, and provided with sparks by K.L.G., seem capable of running for ever

Changes in the Time Table

CONSIDERABLE changes in air mail and passenger services have taken place this month, so numerous that correspondents who use the air mail should secure the latest list from the local Post Office, and regular travellers should check up their time tables from Imperial Airways or the nearest Tourist Agent. Night air services to Holland, Scandinavia, and Finland, which are suspended during the winter months, started to operate again last week. The night mail to Germany has been flown for the past month, and will be in operation until October 15 on every night except Sundays. Imperial Airways' service from London to Cape Town is now open throughout the route for passengers, the single fare from London to the Cape being £130. This charge, of course, includes all hotel accommodation, meals, and, in fact, every incidental to a voyage, except drinks, smokes, and magazines. The Indian mail makes regular calls at the islands of Cyprus and Rhodes, which are therefore three days by air from London. A point of equal importance, however, is that either of these delightful islands can be reached from Basra, Baghdad, or any of the airports in Palestine, in a day or day and a-half, which means that health resorts for a long week-end are, for the first time, within reach of those living and working in the heat and dust of the Middle East.

The R.A.F. Display

ON Saturday, June 25, the Royal Air Force will be at home to the public, and will stage its thirteenth display at Hendon. This event has become one of the social fixtures of the London Season. Members of the Royal Family, the Diplomatic Corps, and London Society are always present in force, and more than 170,000 people entered the aerodrome last year, this being a record for any outdoor event to which admission is charged. Every year there have been surprise items, the exact nature of which is kept secret, if possible, until the last moment. One hopes that the Autogiro without wings or tail will perform, but in any case, the programme is certain to be more interesting and varied than ever before. Although the Clerk of the Weather has never been known to accept a bribe, it is a fact that the Display usually takes place in fine weather; but if by any chance it should rain, the interest of the day is not spoilt for those who come prepared, because the events will be staged whether the sky is clear or not. Road traffic for Hendon on the day itself will be specially regulated, the right of way being given to cars bearing the official label, which can be obtained in advance by anyone proposing to attend. The proceeds from the sale of all tickets, after deducting special expenses incurred for public accommodation, are given to approved Service charities.

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Information and Prospectuses are obtainable from all Travel Bureaux and also from the Administration Offices of the respective Spas.

First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water & Lemon

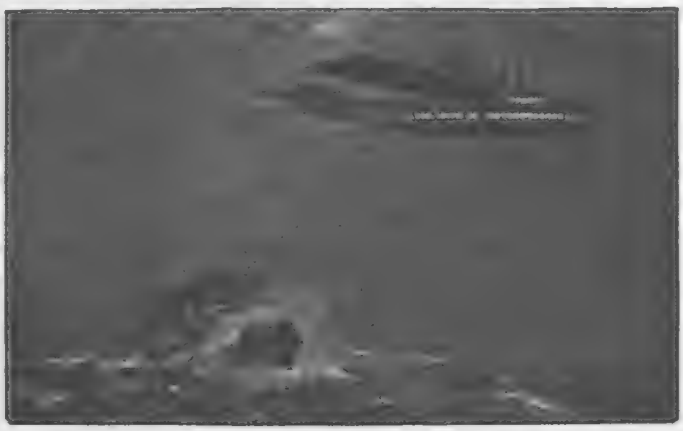
Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking, and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up petrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You 'll take a new interest in life. You 'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you 'll be more eager for work and play. You 'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you 'll be internally clean. If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.

THE NIGHT MAIL



The "Bolivar," type for all time (thanks to Rudyard Kipling) of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy sea, but it is overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.

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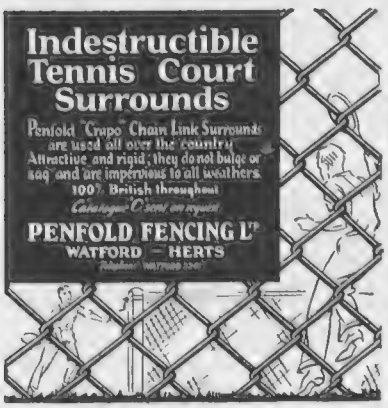

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A Dog's Life: By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE just returned from a perfect orgy of dog shows. As a rule, I like my dog shows in very small and homœopathic doses. I love dogs, but not shows. However, in this case, there were two shows on two succeeding days, and we all turned up in our hundreds. Next time I am judging, when instead of being a mere worm, I am one of the higher gods of Olympus. I can assure you that there is a vast difference between being a mere exhibitor and that great and benign being, a judge.

As an exhibitor you know that every man's hand is against you, including, you feel certain, the iron hand of the judge. You arrive at the show, generally rather cold, or, rather, too hot or with a splitting headache or something. The dog has probably been sick in the car, and you have a lurking feeling that you may follow its example at any moment. You buy a catalogue and study its contents feverishly. It is just as you feared. Your dearest enemy's dog is entered in every class, and unless the judge has altered his opinion from last time, you will again be relegated to second place. You catch sight of the dog in question and discover that the brute is looking quite remarkably well. You also catch sight of the judge, and discover that you dislike his face more than you did last time. However, on meeting him, you twist your mouth into a fawning and hypocritical smile, which does not in the least deceive him.

Great Danes at Work

Great Danes retrieving coloured handkerchiefs to their kennel-maids during obedience trials in preparation for the Ladies' Kennel Association Show. It took place at Olympia last week

THE moment arrives for you to enter the ring, and if you happen to be an Alsatian exhibitor, you know that you are there for the following hour. You encourage your dog to regard the judge with an expression which is half-fierce, half-indifferent, and you fall into the regulation five-miles-an-hour walk, which is so obligatory in this breed. At the end of the first half-hour the judge comes out of his trance and you pose yourselves in front of him. By this time the ring is alive with cat-calls, bouncing balls and kennel-men twisting themselves into strange and fantastic shapes in order to get the particular dog to look interested. As a rule, the dog looks rather more bored than before. After you have all been looked at, you resume your parade, only this time the pace is about ten miles an hour. In the end, the judge slaps your dog in the face to see whether it runs away; if it doesn't, he then slaps you to see whether the dog does anything about it, and awards the prizes to the survivors. But when you are the judge! Oh, boy!

If you are in a good mood, you allow your exhibitors to show you their dog's teeth themselves; if you feel disagreeable, you prod the dog's teeth with your pencil and, having done so, mutter to yourself ominously. The anxious exhibitor pants with terror, believing that you have discovered one tooth too many or three missing.

You then have a pleasant duel with the person you dislike most, who tries by every means in his power to hide from you the fact, that "Jack" has a bowed front. But you are not to be caught and the result of the encounter is a foregone conclusion, unluckily for your adversary of the moment. You order the dog to stand directly opposite you and write in your little notebook. He knows that his number is up and you know that you are really enjoying yourself. Having won the victory, you contentedly stroll off for luncheon, leaving the exhibitors who are going to show under you in the Open class unable to eat or drink for anxiety.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful By "Maquillage"

"REJUVENATION WHILE YOU SLEEP"

An Interesting Discovery. Radio-Active Cream Which is Scientific, Remedial and Rejuvenating.

IT has been interesting to meet with an enthusiast who has a beauty product which appears to justify all the claims he makes for it, and may even have further possibilities.

The effect of radio-activity on the human constitution, blood, skin, and general well-being—which is the natural concomitant of youth, is interesting. It is known that the people living in districts where pitch blend (from which radium is extracted) is found, enjoy phenomenal health and *longevity*, and that they have remarkably fine complexions. The chief value of many of the Continental spa treatments is the radio-activity of the waters. The trouble has been that the radio-activity is fugitive, and the waters cannot be transported, while the apparatus for the medical administration of radium treatments and radio-active preparations and apparati are, for the most part, very costly.

AT last a practical and scientific discovery has made it possible to manufacture *in this country* a cream which is, and remains, radio-active. The results are eminently satisfactory. When this cream is applied at night, the superficial, dead and dry particles of the epidermis are dissolved; the cream seeps into the pores, renews and stimulates the tissues, muscles and nerves so that the obvious and outward effects are a fresh, refined skin; the disappearance of sallow colouring due to sluggishness and of lines due to dryness and impoverishment, thus producing an effect of youthful freshness. Its action is

rapid and continuous. It is an excellent preservative for young and healthy complexions and a veritable restorative for faces which through age, illness, fatigue, or worry have lost contour, colouring or texture. The cream has also remedial properties and will quickly cure roughness, redness, blotches, etc., and so is a valuable antidote to Spring-time skin troubles.

In one case, a lady who had suffered from a mild, but, apparently, incurable skin affection for some time, found that all roughness and redness disappeared and the skin became smooth and unlined after using the cream for only a few nights. Her husband, a well-known doctor, was so impressed that he was moved to write an unsolicited testimonial about the beneficial and remedial effects of the cream.

To have imprisoned radio-activity in a skin food, which can be sold at a very reasonable price, is a scientific achievement which may well have far-reaching effects on the practice of dermatology.

The cream has other valuable qualities as a toilet preparation. It is particularly suave: the greasy base, of which the formula is special and secret, has the advantage of preserving its freshness and purity for an indefinite period and, as it does not turn rancid, it can be shipped to any part of the world and kept for any length of time in no matter what climate. Another thing in its favour is that no perfume of any sort is added. Even a small quantity of alcoholic perfume added to a face cream may be injurious to sensitive skins. This cream can be used on the most delicate complexion—even a baby's—without fear. It has a slight and subtle fragrance of its own, independent of any scent.

THERE is a complementary day cream in which the radio-active principle is also incorporated. Its other ingredients resemble those of some of the finest and most famous French face creams. This is supplied at the same reasonable price as the skin food.

The proprietor of these exciting beauty products has named them "Peradiac." Owing to the satisfaction of those of his clients who have tried them, and their recommendation, he is selling the preparations, directly and by post, almost as quickly as they can be manufactured, but he hopes to be able to establish agencies and to distribute them throughout the world. Meanwhile, those who do know about them and use them will be ahead of their times as well as younger than their age!

Enquiries relative to the above article will be answered, when stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

By Appointment H.M. the King. By Appointment H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

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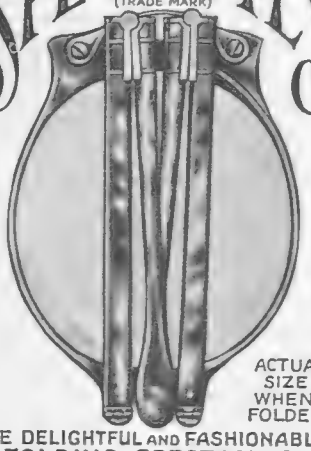

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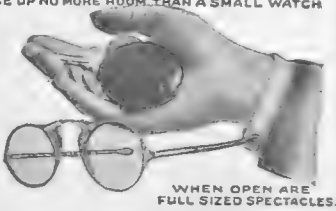

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Ideal Conditions. Continental Liberty.
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Social Centre of the North.
MODERN. REFINED. LUXURIOUS.
Overlooking the world-famed Valley Gardens. 250 Rooms (50 Private Suites with Baths and Toilet). Adjacent to Baths and Wells. Conri Tait's Orchestra plays daily. Dancing every Saturday, Garage 100 cars.
Write Manager for Tariff Booklet.

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"FOR BETTER RESULTS"
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lowest prices—Finest quality
WALLACE HEATON LTD.
119, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

You will go to Gullane for the Championship — but if you are wise you will go to the

MARINE,
NORTH BERWICK

for your hotel. Only ten minutes from Muirfield by car, here you will find perfect comfort and unsurpassed cuisine.

Situated in its own grounds on the famous North Berwick Golf Course, this hotel commands an unrivalled view of the Firth of Forth across to the Fife Coast.

Suites with bathrooms: tennis; ballroom and excellent band—all at a very moderate tariff.

Telegrams "Marine," North Berwick Phone No. 110

SPORTING BRONZES
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.
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Guaranteed perfect flight, accuracy and durability. Used by leading professionals.
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Obtainable everywhere.

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The world-renowned NATURAL Mineral Water

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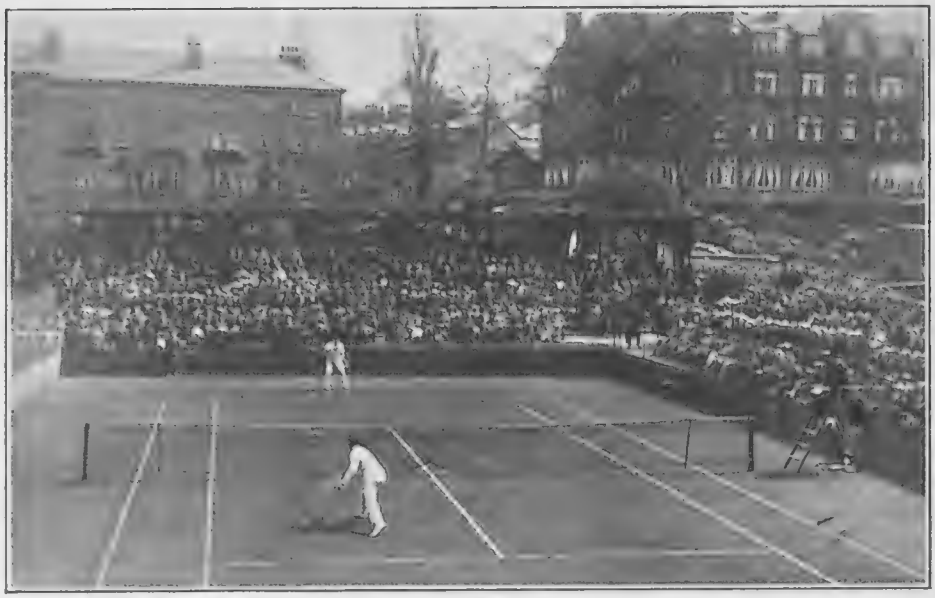
Unreserved Seats 1/6, 2/6, 3/6.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

For Lovers of Racing

Followers of the Sport of Kings will be highly interested in *The Turf Who's Who*, 1932, published by the May Fair Press at 25s. This volume by Mr. Fairfax-Blakeborough should prove itself of practical use to those absorbed in the history of the Turf. It is both interesting and instructive, and contains in its 480 pages no less than 1500 biographies—of breeders, owners, trainers, jockeys, and others—constituting a wealth of information which cannot be found in any other publication. As a reference book of flat-racing, steeplechasing, and the more popular point-to-point meetings, it should be found in the library of everyone who follows our national sport. During the last twenty years the general public has taken an ever-increasing interest in the personalities of the Turf, names made familiar in the sporting columns of the Press, which, of recent years, has stimulated the demand for personal gossip regarding owners, trainers, and jockeys, and especially new arrivals in Turfland. The author tells us that to compile this book has been a life-work, but, he also adds, it is not yet complete, and that he would welcome additional biographies. This first edition will indubitably make a wide appeal and prove an invaluable book of reference.



Tennis at Harrogate

The Men's Final match in progress at the Royal Hall Tennis Courts, Harrogate, during the seventh annual Hard Court Open Tournament. F. J. Perry is in the foreground

Mr. T. G. John, Managing-Director of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co. Ltd., is also a Member of the Institution of Naval Architects: a unique distinction for anyone who specialises in the motoring industry

A Remarkable Career

Few men have contributed on so vast a scale to development work in the motor-car business as Mr. T. G. John, creator of the famous Alvis car, founder of the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., of which he has been the managing-director since its inception twelve years ago. Starting life as a marine-engineer apprentice in H.M. Dockyards, Pembroke, at a period when engineering training was vastly different from the careful routine which exists to-day, Mr. John continued to serve his term of apprenticeship until he won, in open competition, two scholarships at the Royal College of Science, London, thus enabling him to study at that Institution. He still retains vivid recollections of such personalities as Professor Perry, Professor Tilden, Sir Norman Lockyer, and many others in the world of science whom he then met. He then pursued a course of intensive study of naval architecture at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and achieved such success that by 1904 he was on the staff of the Naval Construction Department at Devonport Dockyard. Four years later he joined the staff of Vickers, and in 1911 was appointed manager of the shipbuilding department of that company. The inauguration of a new world for him came in 1918, when he acquired a small factory built by an American firm on the outskirts of Coventry, and started the development of the first Alvis car. During the twelve years that have elapsed, no fewer than 10,000 Alvis cars have been built, and his company probably possess more patents than any similar concern. They were the first, for example, to devise compressed rubber mountings in the chassis for engine and gear-box, and they have probably done more to develop front wheel drive than any British maker. With such a brilliant record, it is not altogether surprising that Mr. John's efforts have resulted in such universal success.

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

SAVOURIES

CROÛTES À L'ÉCARLATE

***

ŒUFS À LA VILLEROI

***

TOMATES À LA ST. JACQUES

***

CHEVRETTES À L'ASPIC

***

SARDINES À L'INDIENNE

***

BEIGNETS DE SAUMON FUMÉ

Croûtes à l'Écarlate

FRY some rounds of bread, sprinkle over them 1 oz. of grated cheese (Parmesan, if at hand), season with cayenne; stir into 2 ozs. of grated tongue one small teaspoonful of Worcester sauce; heap each round of toast nice and high with the grated tongue. Serve hot.

Œufs à la Villeroi

CUT four hard-boiled eggs lengthwise, and pound the yolks of three with a little butter, pepper and salt. Fill the whites with this mixture. For the sauce, take the remaining yolk, a tablespoonful of French mustard, a tablespoonful of English mustard, and a tablespoonful of cream. Mix well together, pour over the eggs, sprinkle with chopped parsley, and serve cold.

Tomates à la St. Jacques

TOAST some bread, butter it, and cut it into rounds two inches in diameter. Dip some tomatoes into hot water, cut them into thick slices, and lay them on the toast; on the top of these place a peeled mushroom. Put them into a buttered tin and pour a little melted butter over each. Put into the oven for a few minutes, and serve hot and quickly.

Chevrettes à l'Aspic

TWO dozen prawns, one pint of jelly, six olives or a piece of cucumber. Line a mould with jelly, decorate the bottom with chopped cucumber or olives. Put in a teaspoonful of jelly and let it set. Fill up with jelly and place on ice.

Sardines à l'Indienne

PLACE the yolks of four eggs in a stewpan with a pat of butter, a teaspoonful of chutney, a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, a little salt and cayenne to taste. Stir these ingredients over a slow fire till they form a fairly firm paste. Carefully trim some sardines, and absorb their moisture with a cloth. Thoroughly mash them in the mixture, egg-and-breadcrumb them, fry in butter, dish them up on strips of thin, crisp toast, and serve very hot.

Beignets de Saumon Fumé

TAKE some batter, flake some smoked salmon, dust the pieces lightly with cayenne, dip in the batter and fry *in oil* till crisp. Drain well and serve piled up.

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. May 18, 1932.
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An attractive weave, in many smart shades, specially suitable for day and sports shirts, underwear and pyjamas. Cut on the most up-to-date lines, these garments are healthful and comfortable to a degree.

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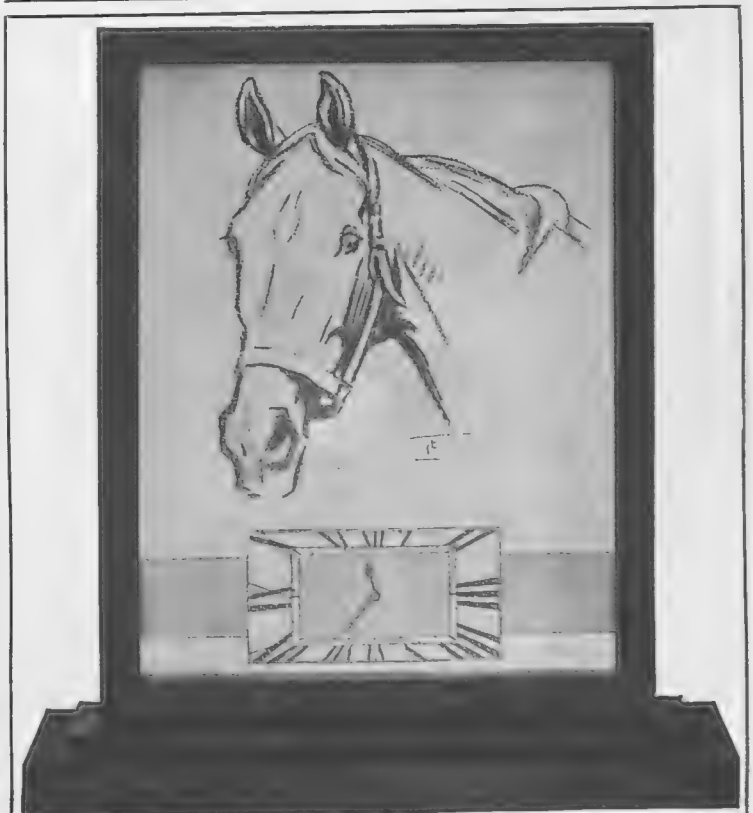

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Come and see the world's playground, the paradise of summer sports in the clear, bracing Alpine air.

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LAUSANNE-OUCHY Lake of Geneva. The most healthful residential and educational City in Switzerland. Golf (18 holes). All Sports. Beach.

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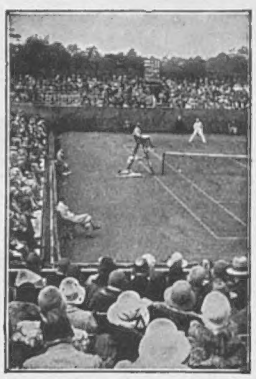
By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

"THE 'EN-TOUT-CAS' SURFACE IS MARVELLOUS"



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This is what

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(ENGLISH SINGLES CHAMPION) said after playing on the newly-made "En-Tout-Cas" Courts in the Bermuda Championships, 1932. This has also been confirmed by well-known English players who have returned from Bermuda.

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EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA

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(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

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3751. A useful and very pretty **TENNIS FROCK,** finished at neck with spot-embroidered lapel —in ivory and all plain shades.

3808. DRESS and COATEE. The Dress finished at neck with white slip and frill — in ivory and all plain shades.

CELES
(PURE SILK)
LATEST MODELS

Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Telephones weren't invented

April 1826:—"Knowing how occupied I shall be with placing my money to advantage, I have persuaded Betty that she does not accompany me to Newmarket to-morrow, lest I be obliged to neglect her comforts; it being my intention to stake heavily upon Problem[1], using for ye purpose all that I won yesterday by ye success of Denise[2]. Ye Duke[3] gives me assurance that he will again beat ye favourite, and I fear it will busy me for some hrs to obtain ye most fair odds for ye sum of my wager."

1. Winner of the One Thousand Guineas in 1826.

2. Winner of the Two Thousand Guineas in 1826.

3. The fourth Duke of Grafton, owner of Denise and Problem.

Sir Edward: "Apparently he didn't want his Betty to become too practised in the art of taking care of herself."

Angela: "But practice makes perfect, Ted dear. Haven't you noticed?"

Sir Edward: "W-e-ll, perhaps he feared she might enjoy the practising too much."

Angela: "Quoth the bold, bad bachelor! But—joking aside, Ted—why should he have to leave her while he made his bet?"

Sir Edward: "Ah, there were a lot of obstacles in his way, my dear. You see, I assume in those days it was difficult to stake a large sum at fixed odds. One had to search among the 'legs' (as the bookies were called) and do the best one could. Probably in the end the price would be much shorter than the horse's chance justified."

Angela: "But why couldn't he 'pho—ooh, my history! Of course, there weren't any 'phones or things."

Sir Edward: "No. And after 'phones were invented it was left to our dear old 'Duggie' to institute most of the 'things.' How impossible life would be with no wires up to the 'off,' no 'armchair racing,' no fixed market prices, no 'no limit' . . . . "

Angela: "And No, No Nanette! Careful, Ted, you're getting incoherent. You always do when you let your enthusiasm for 'Duggie' carry you away."

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